

25 cents

Joe Mitchell Chapple's

June, 1931

B 29-9

NATIONAL

Illustration

PERIODICAL ROOM
ST. LOUIS
PUBLIC LIBRARY



SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"

A Painting by Warde Traver

"WINGED VICTORY"—A Modern Story—Horace E. Buker	EINSTEIN'S THEORY AS APPLIED TO INDIVIDUALS
LAWS THAT SAFEGUARD SOCIETY—Dean Archer	A DAUGHTER OF THE STARS—E. Phillips Oppenheim
WARDE TRAVER IN HIS SKY STUDIO	CHICAGO TO CELEBRATE A CENTURY OF PROGRESS
SOL LEVITAN, POPULAR TREASURER OF WISCONSIN	GENERAL HARBORD'S TRIBUTE TO AN ARMY PAL
A Tribute by Zona Gale	AS TOM SHIPP SAILED TO SUCCESS
FAVORITE HEART THROBS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE	HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS—Nixon Waterman
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS "SEEING WASHINGTON"	HONORS TO HARDING, A BELOVED PRESIDENT

♦♦ TO BAGDAD AND BACK ♦♦

The Romantic Travel Book Extraordinary

"The Book You Will Love to Read"

By **JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE**

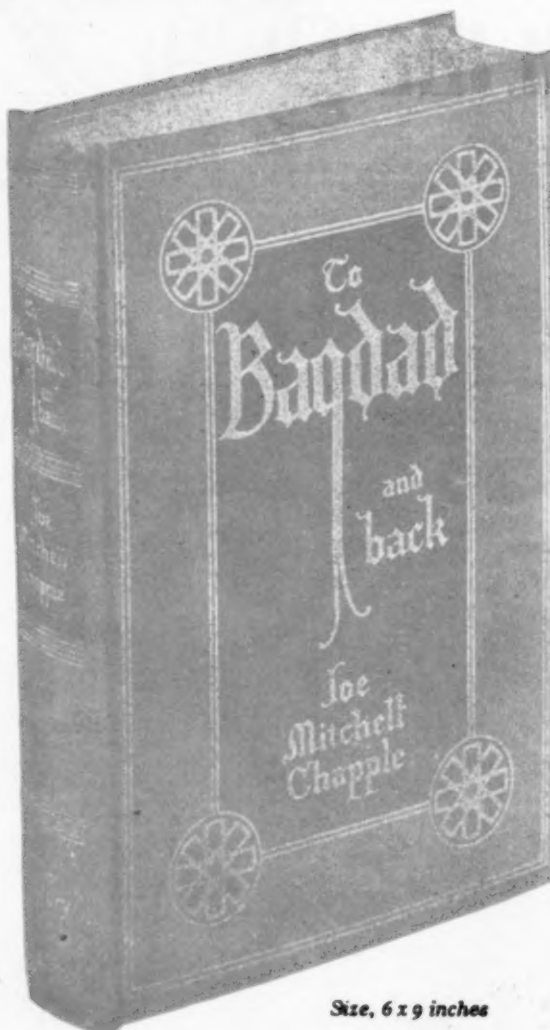
Three Hundred Pages
of Enchantment

The Book that Brings
Back Childhood's
Dreams

Wander
with its Author
Amid the Scenes of
Ancient Writ—the
Birthplace of the
Human Race

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraashid.

—Tennyson



Size, 6 x 9 inches

Sumptuously Bound
Illuminated Covers
Gilt Top

Beautifully Illustrated
with Etching and
Original Drawings
Colored Inserts
and
a Multitude of
Halftone Engravings

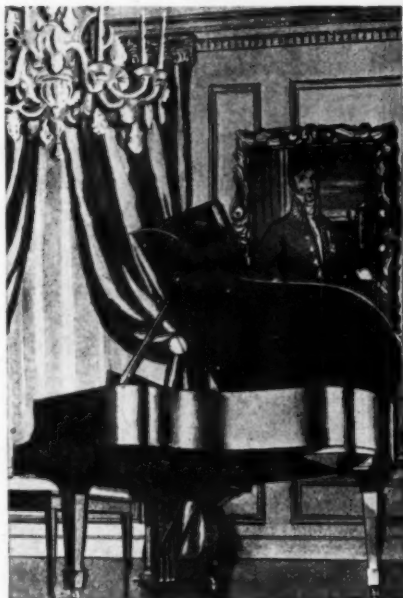
... Old as the hills: old as
the winds that fan the desert
sands from Basra to Barca, her
features scarred but unsullied by
the hand of Time that laid low
the Eternal City, Bagdad was
old when the mythical story of
Romulus and Remus told of the
mythical origin of Rome. Older
than the temples among whose
ruins Mary and the Child sought
shelter from the wrath of Herod;
old, nay, hoary with age—when
Moses, the Infant of the Nile,
led forth half a million freed
slaves and gave them an Empire
and a Book."

Price \$6.00 Postpaid

**The Age-Old Lure of the Orient is Packed
Within its 300 Pages**

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Steinway ebonized baby grand in a Colonial interior designed by Allen Saarburg. A Steinway of this size and power—at \$1475—is an extraordinary value. Calculated on the basis of cost per year it is the most economical of all pianos. It is the ideal instrument for the home. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any interior, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.



"Prelude in C Sharp Minor," painted for the Steinway Collection by Boris Anisfeld. In this familiar Prelude Rachmaninoff has brought a stirring Russian theme to vivid realization. Its sombre chromatic progressions and its vivid moments of dramatic intensity distinguish it as one of the most brilliant and original of modern compositions. . . . In commenting on his interpretive painting Mr. Anisfeld writes: "I saw in my imagination the four horsemen, famine, sickness, war and death. . . . After the havoc that they had wrought, comes peace, and life is started anew. I interpreted this as maternity, which never ends, but goes on forever." In a recent letter sent to Steinway and Sons, Sergei Rachmaninoff said: "I am very happy to have the opportunity of using your pianos for my concerts because I consider them to be perfect in every way."



The preferred piano among musicians everywhere ... yet well within your means

IT IS SURELY significant that amid the countless musical issues, upon which scarcely two artists or critics seem to agree, the pre-eminence of the Steinway not only stands undisputed, but actually gains in authority.

More than a day was needed to achieve such an enviable standing all over the world. It has been built up by four generations of the Steinway family on a foundation of fine craftsmanship and constant technical improvement. Almost every major advance in piano design and construction since 1853 has been originated by Steinway.

To have produced an instrument so technically perfect—so eminently gratifying in tone, sonority and power that it has won virtually every

noted musician from Liszt to Rachmaninoff—that is the achievement of the house of Steinway.

The reputation born of this achievement has led too many people to believe that such an instrument must of necessity be beyond the reach of moderate means. As a matter of fact a Steinway may be purchased on unusually convenient terms. Being an instrument that assures a whole lifetime of perfect service it is obviously the wisest choice from the standpoint of economy.

A first payment of so little as \$147.50 will place a Steinway Grand in your home at once and the balance may be distributed over a period of two years. Such conditions place

"The Instrument of the Immortals" within the means of almost every one.

There are many sizes and models from which you may make your selection. But there is only one quality of Steinway.

A new Steinway
Upright piano can be bought for **\$875**

GRANDS \$1475 and up
plus transportation

10% down balance in
two years

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.
If there is no Steinway dealer near you,
write for information to

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



"Dawn of Life"
From a Painting by Warde Traver



"Love's Old Sweet Song"
From a Painting by Warde Traver



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



URING the sultry days of June-time, the President of the United States continues right on the job, meeting the perplexing problems that confront a Chief Executive in these piping times. There has been no vacation tours for Herbert Hoover. On weekend trips to Rapidan, big bundles of papers are carried to review in the sequestered quiet of the Virginia mountains, as to how to adjust Uncle Sam's income to the outgo. Members of the Cabinet

and heads of departments go with him to suggest retrenchments without impairing a standard of efficiency. The President has been firm in precluding the possibility of a general reduction of wages, that would hazard a wholesome standard of living. Millions of government appropriations are being expended in building operations, but it does not seem to be a drop in the bucket.

It was the late Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour who told me in Washington during the war that the mental attitude of the world was about the same. "In future times this will be more apparent than ever" he emphasized, thoughtfully crossing his legs. His analysis is reflected in the world situation today. Immutable laws in nature determined the weather of today thousands and even millions of years ago. May not the same thing be true in economic and governmental affairs? The present reactions may be accumulated conditions that result from a continuation of circumstances for which no one in particular can be held responsible, any more than we can place our fingers on the reason why it rains and why the drought appears. The turbulence in Europe and the revolutions in South America have kept the State Department busy in steering a course of recognizing new governments and avoiding entanglements. Crit-

icism of the virulent partisan type is mellowed in contemplating the world-wide trend of events which no one seems to be able to accurately diagnose. Yet opinion is now current that there is a perceptible turning of the tide. Old-time prosperity may not return with a rush, but it will come around. Trade winds are blowing in the right direction, despite the fact that Canada and other countries are retaliating with tariffs and Mussolini raising the dust in Rome. Spain is wrestling with the same problems that have confronted every new republic. After a survey of the calamitous world conditions now passing, an eminent member of the diplomatic corps remarked to me, as he was leaving for his summer vacation, "The American people should appreciate how much they have

to be thankful for in these tempestuous times as compared to conditions in any other quarter of the world. You Americans have a way of adapting yourselves to situations that in other countries where old feuds exist, would mean an upheaval. Perhaps your lesson was learned in the Civil War under Abraham Lincoln. To me the most impressive official utterance of the year was the address of President Hoover at Valley Forge, which indicated that he has a real grasp of fundamentals and appreciates what is going on in this great world battle for peace."



Miss Marie Houston in Tehuantepec Costume

* * *

LAST year in the city of Mexico I witnessed a festival given by the schools. It marked a great step forward in the land of the Aztecs. One of the numbers in a program giving the ancient dances in costume of this historical country was the group representing Tehuantepec. The costumes with white bonnets suggestive of wings and beads were a reflection of a beauty and grace that rivaled Grecian art. I can never forget the swaying rhythm of the bodies and the



E. De Kleczkowski

mystic chanting. This was recalled in hearing Marie Houston, lyric soprano, in her program of Mexican songs, attired in the costume of a people who possessed a high state of civilization long before Columbus landed in America. She sang the historic "La Paloma" which is claimed by many Mexicans as an original folk song. The song especially appealed to the ill-fated Emperor Maximillian and Queen Carlotta. Miss Houston, educated at the Cincinnati College of Music has been one of the most popular concert singers who has appeared in Washington. Her musical programs given in costume in-

clude the Old English songs from Shakespeare, Italian street arias, French peasant airs, and Indian love lyrics. She has appeared in concerts all over the country, and has appeared in prominent concert events in almost every state in the Union, winning a merited distinction as one of America's lyric sopranos. Her voice has often been heard from Washington over the radio, but the added charm of Marie Houston's concerts is the personality and costumes so well suited to the art of singing.

WHEN Lowell Thomas appeared at the Advertising Club in New York, it was discovered that he could not eat as fast as he could talk. His knife and fork going at a lively pace were scarcely equal to the speed of the words flowing from his lips through the ether. The presence of three rival microphones in the room at the time did not appal him, although the committee entertaining the distinguished guest had warned him that there were more people listening-in to the "eating processes" of the Advertising Club in New York than had ever heard him in his Literary Digest disquisitions. The occasion was an address by Dr. Charles

Gray Shaw, the savant who gives no quarter on the subject of "Advertising Culture." A member of the faculty of the New York University, he speaks with a bubbling monologue that is not often associated with the classroom lecture. He insisted that culture was merely a decent familiarity with the best things that have been done and the best things that have been said in the history of civilization. Peppering his remarks with plenty of humor and anecdotes, he refused to "draw the brown derby of materialism over the brow of culture."

Charles E. Murphy
President of the Advertising Club of New YorkMontague M. Bear
designed the first Rotary Wheel

THE month of June will witness a notable convention in New York.

It will foregather on Flag Day, June 14th, and be heralded to the world as the annual convention of the American Federation of Advertising Clubs. Recognizing that advertising is the "breath of business, the pulmotor that brings hope to reviving trade," the sessions under the direction of President Gilbert E. Hodges of the New York Sun and E. Lynn Sumner, will be of intense interest, dealing with subjects uppermost in the minds of millions of people at this time. The New York Advertising Club will act as host at this convention and with the dynamic Charles E. Murphy, president, and the popular Grover Whalen as a club director, serving on the reception committee, a typical New York welcome is assured. Mr. Whalen

has served as chairman of the mayor's committee on receptions to distinguished guests for many years. Addresses given at this convention will prove a veritable



Reading from left to right, Frederick Gamble, Heyworth Campbell, P. V. D. Lockwood, Chairman Lowell Thomas, Dr. Shaw, honor speaker, and President Murphy.

business barometer and text book containing suggestions that can be applied to all the forces being marshalled for a vigorous movement forward in times when exploitation is accounted as the dominant genius of the age.



Grover Whalen
New York City Receptionaire

learn Spanish in vain. Arthur F. Sheldon in 1910 gave to Rotary an expression which has become the motto of the organization the world over. "He profits most who serves best." At the Vienna Convention appears Charles A. Newton who first suggested the luncheon meetings of the organization and is christened father of the plan of weekly luncheons, now adopted by many other organizations. Mr. Newton was a member of the first Rotary Club organized in Chicago. In this group of distinguished Rotarians is Montague M. Bear who designed the first Rotary Wheel which afterwards became the emblem of Rotary International now on the banners of clubs in many foreign countries. The wheel has been geared in with an international contact that has done much good towards a friendly understanding among the various nations represented.

A FAMILAR figure at the Press Club in Washington is Strickland Gillilan, author of "Off agin, on agin, Finnegan." One of the most popular speakers in the country, he has regaled with repartee and stories audiences of every sort in every state in the Union.



Chesley Perry, Secretary General
of Rotary International

aroused the Irish spirit of the author of Finnegan. The miasma of malignment which prevailed to some extent in the hectic frenzy days following the war is now passing.

THERE is only one American Convention to be held in Europe this year to keep the tourist legions company. The Convention of Rotary International convenes in Vienna during June. The vanguard, headed by Chesley R. Perry, who was the first secretary of the National and International Association of Rotary Clubs has arrived already. Mr. Perry has seen his dreams of extending the work of Rotary in many foreign lands come true and did not

As a great personal friend of the late Warren G. Harding, his appreciation of the beloved president is most welcome at the time the monument is being dedicated in the old home town of Marion, Ohio. Himself a native of Jackson, Ohio, where he began newspaper work in 1887, Strickland Gillilan has a kindred feeling for the sons of the Buckeye State, that is not to be shaken by the whisperings of scandal. Insidious attacks upon eminent Ohioans who have passed on, unable to defend themselves has

WHENEVER I meet Bernarr MacFadden in Washington I know that one eminent publisher is keeping close to the center of affairs for True Stories. Purchasing the magazine *Liberty* he disposed of his Detroit tabloid daily and will concentrate upon *Liberty*, which has represented a handsome investment of many millions in establishing the largest single copy circulation of any magazine in the country but was reported still "in the red." Christened in a prize contest by a man who won the \$25,000 prize for suggesting the name "*Liberty*" made no illusion to the other alternative to *Liberty* mentioned by one Patrick Henry in a furiously familiar address. Under the management of Bernarr MacFadden, it is hoped that *Liberty* will reverse the balance sheet. Editorial policies with which the publication has been identified from the beginning will be continued. The name certainly has an alluring suggestion for the average individual. The effect of radio on periodical sales is being watched with keen interest in these days of rapid changes that would seem to suggest a new deal all around.



Charles A. Newton who suggested
Rotary Luncheons

AS United States representatives of the *Warsaw Courier*, the largest newspaper in Poland, E. De Kleczkowski has received hearty commendation from many eminent leaders in Europe. He returned to the United States with personal letters of appreciation from no less a person than the Prince of Wales, who after his trip through South America commended to English manufacturers and merchants American methods of advertising and selling. Mr. De Kleczkowski was educated in the Viennese Commercial Academy, and early in life made a study of trade conditions. Speaking and writing a number of languages, he has been able to interpret the meaning of modern relations in a way that can be understood. His articles do not seem to suffer in translation from one tongue to another. Among his letters of commendation is one from Marshal Foch as a writer that he treasures along with his military honors.

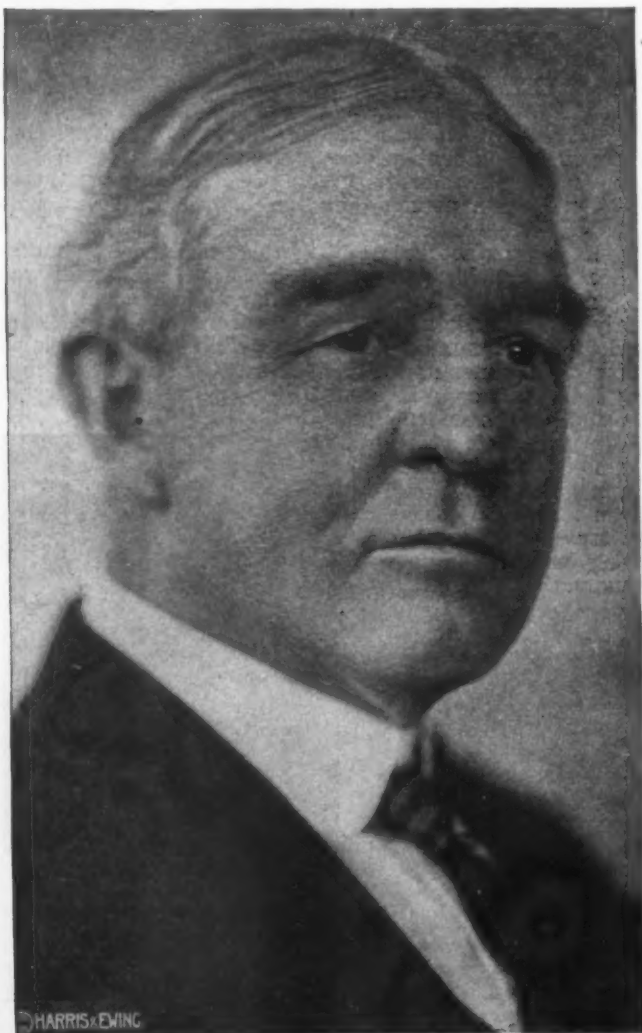
ECHOES of the meeting of the Governors in Indiana are heard in Washington in the discussion of presidential candidates for the campaign of 1932. The agenda of eliminating controversial questions did not seem to work while the buzzing bee of presidential aspirations was flitting about. All political parties were represented by men who recall that four of the last eight presidents were governors before they were elected presidents.



Arthur F. Sheldon who gave
Rotary its motto

GROWING crops and smiling fields are now a welcome picture in the drought areas of the U. S. A. The relief work of the Red Cross begun during the last trying winter in the impoverished areas has been completed. Nature came to the rescue. In summing up the work of the Red Cross during the past year in the stricken districts of the United States, John Barton Payne, as Chairman of the American Red Cross, has made a report that eloquently expresses the self-reliance and generosity of the American people to do their part in relieving distress to say nothing of their stout refusal to surrender to the dole system as was threatened by Congress. Mr. Payne was born in West Virginia and was appointed Chairman of the Red Cross by Warren G. Harding in 1921. His office is in the Red Cross Building in Washington where he is continuing the lifelong activities which have been so generously given to public service. As Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson and General Counsel of the United States Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation, he made a record during the war for patriotic service that has been most energetically continued in peace times with the Red Cross which he counts the crowning achievement of his life.

AS his ninety-second birthday approaches in July Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., finds himself enjoying life day by day in the open. Still "keeping his eye on the ball" in his favorite game of golf, whether in Florida or at Pocantico Hills, New York,



John Barton Payne, Chairman of the American Red Cross

he also keeps in touch with current affairs. Having passed through many ups and downs in the business world, he appears to maintain a serene hopefulness in these hectic days. There has been something of a change in public opinion since the days his companies were fined twenty-nine million dollars for merging and doing what today is seemingly not vigorously opposed by the government in its enforcement of the Sherman Law. Mergings and combinations seem to be the order of the day, as a matter of socializing wealth. In the meantime, Henry Ford, the other twin of the two rich men of the world that do not fear the eye of a needle is spending some busy days at Fairlane, his estate near Detroit. Here he enjoys his real hobby, an "American Village," which is a collection of historic buildings and objects used in early American life. To a recent visitor, he proved his physical prowess by chinning three times to a limb of a tree, and snapping his legs three times over the back of a high chair.



Miss Anne H. Sadler

IN a spirited discussion on "What part advertising plays in developing a trust business," Miss Anne H. Sadler, of the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company of New York impressed her hearers with feminine genius in finance. The subject was discussed from the angle of the advertising agency, from the publisher's angle, and the prospect's angle was taken by President Murphy of the New York Advertising Club in the wind up. This Financial Advertising group brought out the encouraging information that people are still depositing money in the banks and that trust companies are proving their mettle in these trying days in rendering a constructive service to people puzzled to know what to do about shifting investments of their savings in these hectic times. Miss Sadler's address was especially commended as indicative of a clear-headed discussion of Modern Finance indicating that the women in business provide a new angle to financing, that may be helpful and corrective of many of the mistakes that have been made in the mad rush to make money on a gambling basis, rather than on the foundation of building with accumulated funds, resulting from an innate sense of thrift that comes from women, the home makers.

IN the rush for passports interest focussed on those issued to Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh for their flight across the northern Pacific to the Orient by easy stages. Arrangements were made for landing in all the countries but Soviet Russia. There the Lone Eagle will have to make his own personal arrangements for a landing in the oldtime realm of the Czars. Young Charles Lindbergh will remain at home, perhaps already conscious that his day will come when he can fly hither and thither with his distinguished father and mother instead of submitting to the prosaic and funereal pace of the baby carriage.

COMMENTS on the Memoirs of the World War by General John J. Pershing have come in to Washington from all nations involved in the World War. There has been lively discussion pro and con, but the general consensus of opinion seems to be that the Commander of the A. E. F. has given to the public one of the most illuminating and authentic histories of the World War. Some German critics question his opinion as to the causes that led to the war, and there are French writers who do not agree on some of his conclusions, but on the whole the book has been given consideration as authentic historical record in reference libraries. In the meantime, General Pershing has visited France, looking after the cemeteries where so many doughboys rest under the tiny crosses. Fortunate it was that his tour in France enabled him to be present at the Memorial Day exercises held in honor of the soldiers buried on French soil. A movement is now on foot to provide a park at Laclede, Missouri, the birthplace of General Pershing. It is fitting that his own state and town should share in the honors of having public buildings and parks bearing the name of Pershing. New York with its busy Pershing Square was the first to do him this honor.

PAGES of photographs of human buds and blossoms as well as those on the apple trees flashed in Washington newspapers when the Apple Blossom Festival in Winches-



General John J. Pershing



John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

ter, Virginia was in progress. It was a fitting sequel to the Cherry Blossom days in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, scene of many a hard fought battle during the Civil War, ablaze with apple blossoms. Under the direction of Mr. Nelson Richards, the Apple Blossom Festival has become a noteworthy international event. Miss Patricia Morton—a charming lass from Winchester, England, was crowned as Queen. Attended by a retinue of the far-famed beautiful girls of Virginia she reigned supreme in "Blossom time." Thrilled with the attention that was given her by the town named for her birthplace, she was ready to take out citizen papers in the U. S. A. The coronet of flowers was received by her from no less a personage than Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the explorer who visited the North and the South Poles and traveled pretty much the world over. The Admiral gallantly declared that he never looked upon a more beautiful sight than was presented during this happy spring time in his own native Virginia. His brother, Harry Byrd, former governor, as well as the third brother, Tom, was present, which made it sort of a "Tom, Dick and Harry" affair as far as the Byrd family was concerned. The apple warehouses in the valley will in the fall be filled with the luscious fruit which is so distinctly associated with health and the Garden of Eden. These statistics reveal that the American people have consumer more apples than ever per capita. Unemployment sales helped out.

Sol Levitan, Popular Treasurer of Wisconsin

Tribute by a noted author to the Immigrant who started with a pack on his back and a spirit of kindness and succeeded in winning high official honors in his adopted country

By ZONA GALE

FROM pack peddler to state treasurer has been the progress of Solomon Levitan now serving his fourth term in the Wisconsin treasurership. At nineteen he was roving the roads of his adopted America, on his back a kit containing small wares and "notions." In his fifties he was president of the Commercial National bank of Madison, Wisconsin, treasurer of the state, and had educated in universities all his children, one of whom, a son, had graduated from Harvard Law School and was assistant United States district attorney. The story is that story of determination and persistence which the rest of the world believes to be the main channel of biography in the new world. To neither of these qualities, however, does Mr. Levitan ascribe his success, but to something quite other, something, perhaps, still more rare.

From Tourreggen, near Tilsit, East Prussia, his first path led to Kovna and Slabotka for schooling—schools where beds were benches with overcoats for covering, and where meals were provided by people who donated food for one day a week—and sometimes missed their day. Spending-money was earned when there was dangerous sickness in families, and the boys were hired to pray for the sick. At sixteen, seeing nothing but poverty and hardship to come, Levitan traveled to the Crimea, three thousand miles away, and traveled without a dollar in his pocket. His first salary was five dollars a month and food, with a "raise" to eighty-five dollars a year and board and lodging. When in 1880 a pogrom broke out in the Crimea, and no Jew was safe, Levitan saved his employer from a mob and as a reward, was offered either a modern education in a university or a ticket to America. Levitan chose the ticket.

He landed in Baltimore "without a nickel" and unable to speak English. A street-paving job at seventy cents a day was prosperity, and when he received a dollar a day, already wealth had come. When he had saved a little money, he bought his peddler's pack and toured Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia. All day long he knocked at doors, sold if he could, welcomed a meal and a lodging when it was offered and saved his money. He says: "But I never took food or shelter without looking in the water bucket and the wood box to see if they were full, or offering to tend the baby. Then, if I spent the night, I asked the children to help me to read and to spell. Another thing, my rule was that my customer was always right. If there was any dissatisfaction with my goods, I made it right whether those who were dissatisfied were right or wrong." Before long he had

enough money to fulfill his dream to "go West." He walked into Wisconsin, pack on back, forty-four years ago and tramped the roads with a stock costing less than ten dollars. Once a thrifty Wisconsin farmer chalked on his gate "No Peddlers Allowed," but Solomon penciled something below and entered. When his wares were spread in the kitchen, the farmer came in and asked



Sol Levitan, State Treasurer of Wisconsin

him if he couldn't read. "I read an invitation," said the young man and led the farmer to his gate where he saw: "No Peddlers Allowed Except Solomon." He was welcomed everywhere, the people liked him. Soon he had saved enough to buy a pony and a cart.

But now came his longing for a home, and he settled in little New Glarus, a Swiss colony. Here was another hurdle to take. He had picked up enough English to get on with, but this Wisconsin community, in the 80's, spoke Swiss. So Solomon learned to speak Swiss too.

Traveling three thousand miles with empty pockets was nothing, earning enough from a peddler's pack to go into business was nothing; learning English and the Swiss language were nothing. Everything was nothing to this boy.

Now he opened a little store, took part in the affairs of the town, became justice of the peace, married. As his children grew, he moved to the university town, Madison, to educate them. Here also he opened a store, bought an interest in the new Commercial National bank, then just organized, became director, vice-president and at last president.

"Most of the heartaches of the world are at bottom financial troubles," said this banker—and his financial advising extended itself to include domestic and legal troubles, and the problems of young people. "A man who has saved money ought to be able to show the state how to save money," he said, and announced himself candidate for state treasurer.

Twice he was defeated. But he said that he thought he would make as good a state treasurer as ever, and he appealed a third time to the voters. This time he was elected by a vote of 343,000. In the next election his total was 401,000, and he ran ahead of every man on his ticket. His last vote was more than a half million, and he carried seventy out of seventy-one counties.

One of his first acts as treasurer was to withdraw a part of the state's money from the large city banks of Wisconsin, including \$100,000 from his own bank, and to distribute these funds among the smaller banks of the state. Six hundred and fifty-one banks now have the state's deposits of \$70,000,000 and more annually. One effect of this distribution has been to increase the greatly needed credit of the farmers.

He returned a legislative appropriation of \$10,000 made to put the state records in shape, and did the work with his own office force.

He is responsible for the Wisconsin gasoline tax, netting the state \$5,000,000 yearly.

But his most spectacular act as treasurer followed a fire in valuable state timber lands. The damaged timber lands were to be sold and the state cruiser estimated \$15,000 as the probable price obtainable. Solomon Levitan laid down his pen, went to the little lumber town, conducted the auction himself and realized \$35,000—thus making for the state \$20,000 in three hours.

But ask him to what he attributes his success and he will not admit that it is due to unusual sagacity or to perseverance or to determination or to ability.

"Human kindness is what succeeds—nothing else," he said. "Study people. Find what they like. Well, what they like is what you like—human kindness. It is true that out of this come idealism and eagerness for service—but at bottom human kindness is all."

Einstein's Theory as Applied to Individuals

A relativity of thought awakened in the startling fundamental proclaimed by Einstein as applied to the Broader Dimension of human life in recognizing the undeniable power and reality of the invisible

By ALBERT ROLAND DALOZ

THE average individual concludes because he cannot understand Einstein, that "relativity" has nothing to do with himself. He might just as well refuse to operate a radio because he does not understand DeForest or Marconi. When Franklin conducted electricity down his kite string, a phenomenon was manifested, the later application of which is still a miracle to us who use it every day.

We cannot even conceive of the adaptations yet to be made of electricity. Now along comes Einstein with a discovery, an idea, which, carried through, will lead us further in advance than could even electricity, for our electrical progress is only physical, whereas Einstein's ideas lead us positively into the meta-physical. Right here it is necessary to settle on a meaning of the term "meta-physical". To most people it means something abstract, indefinite, perhaps unimportant. The prefix "meta-" means over, beyond; thus meta-physics means over or beyond the physical.

For the last fifty or seventy-five years the world has had access to more and better books, thereby creating a better mass consciousness. The inevitable result is that the world now thinks more and demands more to think about. Not only does the world think more and demand more to think about, but it is now beginning to think about itself, what it is here for, why, where it is going. With the increasing leisure there is going to be a still greater demand for more exact thought. That it will eventually arrive at the truth is forgone, but how long it will take, no man knoweth.

The masses still want to know what we are here for, or in modern parlance, "What is it all about?", or scientifically, we are all deeply interested in ontology—the science of being, the branch of meta-physics that investigates the nature and relations of being. We may not have realized it, but it is our ontological reaction that accounts for our attendance or non-attendance at church; the office of the church being to explain the why and the wherefore, the ontological demand of the masses. In each of us there is a void seeking to be filled, a desire to know the seemingly incomprehensible—the "will of God," or whatever it may be called.

We seek to justify Spiritual or meta-physical government of a physical people, a mass only conscious of physical action. Truly a difficult task even for real meta-physicians, and unfortunately the church

was composed mainly of the masses who themselves did not understand the meta-physics which is the common truth which governs or is common to all prominent religions, making them one. There is less meta-physical difference between Christianity and Buddhism than there is between any of two Christian denominations.

It seems to be a fact, that religion and relativity have the common quality of being misunderstood or not understood, so let us see what they have in common.

After Moses had received his Ten Commandments, he is purported to have said to the Lord, or Governor, "who will I tell this People who you are that has sent me?" He realized that he would need authority to back him up. What was the answer? "Tell them 'I am' sent you." Evidently then the Governor was "I am." Consciousness! Impersonal consciousness, not even an individual personal name. Just "I am", consciousness, universal consciousness. Having established our Governor and Father or Creator as universal consciousness it follows that we, the created, the governed, the children, must be primarily conscious, in any event, mental or spiritual.

If we are agreed so far that man is primarily consciousness it evidently becomes very vital—the things of which he is conscious. He, being conscious, necessarily becomes a consciousness. In fact he is those thoughts of which he is conscious. In other words, he is what he knows, and conversely, he is not what he knows not. Many years ago it was well stated that "nothing is either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

Materially we are inclined to agree with the superficial aspect of this truth. Meta-physically it is absolute, but from a human aspect it is only relatively true. Before Galileo, science declared as a fact, that the world was stationary, and the sun moved. Galileo relatively reversed that hitherto accepted fact. Since then the entrenched science of the day has had to revise this position many times.

Now we come to Einstein, who declares, as a recognized material scientist, that time, space and motion do not exist as we conceive of them. What a fundamental statement! How will it effect all our concepts? He deduces that they are the effect of super-three-dimensional laws, and not a complete phenomena, as we conceive of them. That is, they are only relatively real to our consciousness. Einstein declares "God is valid as a scientific argument."

Einstein, as a three-dimensional scientist, has discovered that three dimensions do not account for all the phenomena observed, and so falls back on what the ages have declared as supreme power, God, Creator, etc. His contentions will prove the laws we have heretofore considered absolute are only relative, are not true laws, and may be circumvented or broken, and their limitations removed, giving us greater freedom and adding more truth to our consciousness, making us bigger and better mentally.

Just as the discovery of Columbus gave a rebirth to the shipping of the world, so will the discovery of Einstein to our concept of the universe and our world, hence affect our very consciousness, heretofore only partly correct—relative to the world and matter. To date all strife has been for the material—for matter was real. Einstein shows us the relative *unreality* of matter, the *reality* of fact and our consciousness. It is well to remember that "faith is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen", so the wise man will have faith to search and find the imperishable substance of facts, for his consciousness, Einstein says, "Conception and conceptional systems, logically regarded, never originate from sense experiences," and Paul said "we look not the things which are seen, hence it were well to look not at the things which are seen (with the eye) but at the things which are not seen (with the eye, but with the mind) for the things which are seen (with the eye) are temporal (relative) but the things which are not seen (with the eye but the mind) are eternal (are substance)."

The cry today is "Give us something tangible, scientific, provable." We are getting it. The seekers can find and have found a scientific Religion which demands "proof not profession." We all want to know what we are here for. We want the knowledge as of principle of facts, which is the definition of science. Consequently, science and religion if both true, must coincide and they do and Einstein has finally driven Science through to the hard pan of Truth, and much truth will flow forth to wash away the limiting three dimensional laws.

Einstein is proving that our great god—Matter—has feet of clay. In fact his feet are less substantial than clay. His feet are made of stuff that dreams are made of.

Well might one lump of clay try to fashion another lump of clay into a pot as for a material man to understand or fashion Matter.

Honors to Harding—A Beloved President

Dedication of the Monument to Warren G. Harding recalls a beloved president now receiving just honors due him despite treachery and the malign defamers

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

NOW and then there are things necessary to be told that others do not seem to think of telling or to choose to tell.

A little of the other side of the Harding personality ought to be put across with the general public, and I seem to be the one to tackle it, for I knew. Books have been written with a view to make the situation with which his personality was linked, worse than his enemies could conceive—pathetic enough at its cheerfullest. So something ought to be done to turn the light of human affection and tenderness—which were the keynotes of the man's life—on the picture and rob it of some of its ghastliness.

If ever a man was crucified on a cross the substance of which was his own innate inability to do any personally unkind thing, it was Warren G. Harding, the much-maligned.

To begin with, he was the easiest man to like, that the world has ever known. He was the most given to liking people, of any man I have ever seen. Those he loved he trusted. Personally he was the most ardent and unflinching patriot and modest to a fault. Early in his career he did not believe he was a big enough man for the presidency of the United States. He looked at the office through the right end of the magnifying glass, seeing it as the biggest thing in the universe, except the God that he always revered. He looked humbly through the other end of the glass, seeing himself as infinitesimal and finite.

He had grown up with political ambitions. In order to achieve any portion of this ambition, he had to have the friendship and backing of certain political potentates. These he besought for assistance in carrying out his life scheme. He did not seek reformers, for he was the sort of man who did not believe people needed reforming. He gave to others the liberty he would have asked for himself. He was happy in the United States Senate. That was his political haven. He could not go beyond that in his feeling of accomplishment. He did not want the presidency. Aside from feeling himself utterly unworthy—for, I repeat, he had not the faintest symptom of egotism—he did not want the strife that

would go with it. He did not want to be called upon to make decisions that would hurt friends and hurt himself through having to go against them.

When his party called upon him as the one whom they could agree upon, he was as a man drafted upon which was, in one sense, a forlorn hope. He had been selected, he was prevailed upon to act as candidate. He was a party candidate. And when came the morning after the election, he and Mrs. Harding were the two saddest people in the country. They were dejected as if some great sorrow had been foisted upon them. They felt one thing only—the appalling responsibility of which they were prophetically sure. The

end of everything that had made life most livable and bearable.

Here he was, with the office, and in the hands of those to whom he was beholden. Yet in his own intrinsic and glowing patriotism he could see still a ray of light—surely nobody would actually go about the job of deliberately betraying and disgracing the country he loved so well and to which his head was constantly bared.

Some others never felt that way! They had in the highest office a friend, a man logically in the toils of his party-machine, and he had to fulfill promises and pledges and he had that supreme virtue of loyal friendship—to the bitter end.

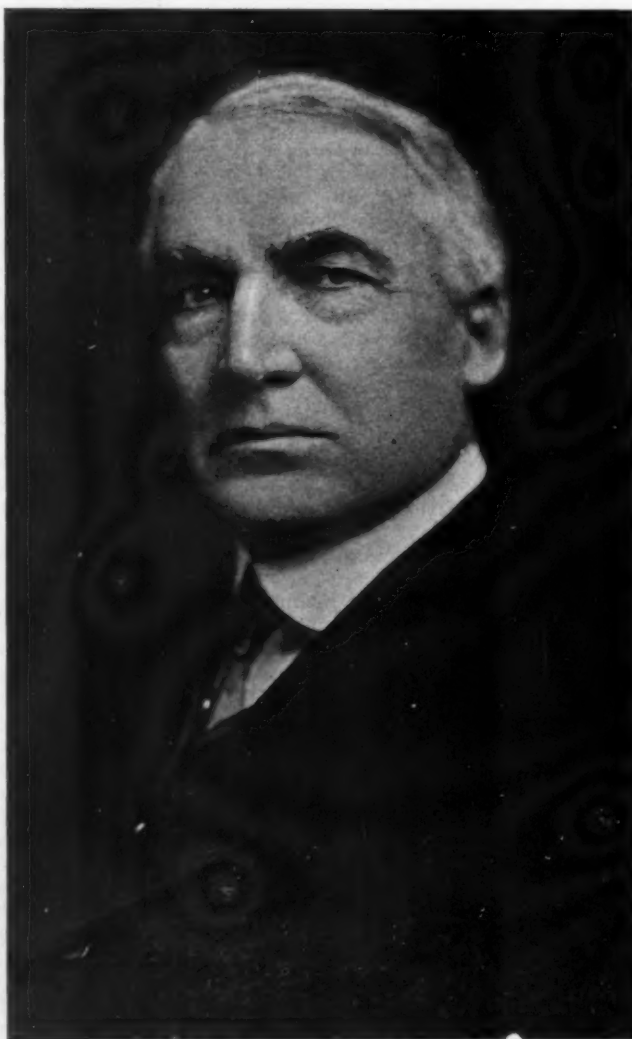
The whole country noted that when he returned from a trip to the south and made his appearance for a farewell to the Senate, he seemed like a man bowed with a burden he felt unable to bear. There was no triumphant ring to his voice.

When he began the constructive part of his administration he found some happiness. He did a number of distinctive things, such as selecting some outstandingly able men as members of his cabinet. Many of these still survive as leaders and the whole country wants them so to continue.

When he called the peace conference that really gained a great moral victory in the civilized world—he was happy. He turned the whole matter over to delegates, in his usual sincerely modest way, and went away praying that good might be done. With the help of his cabinet appointees he established the best financial system the country has ever known. In that too, he was happy.

Underneath all, the rats were at their scuttling work, taking advantage of the fact that through his wealth of friendship they had access to things they wished to loot. And they did.

That something of this was known to him is beyond question. What to do about it, how to handle it was a task for a far stronger man than he, in the matter of slaying his heart-friends for the sake of the country he loved; especially when these friends were making their wrong-doing so plausible, and befogging the path of his duty; he was always hoping, praying, that he was mistaken.



Warren G. Harding

Continued on page 364

General Harbord's Tribute to an Army Pal

Thrilling reminiscences of two army comrades related by the president of the Radio Corporation in his memorial tribute to the late General Clarence R. Edwards

IT is thirty-six years this autumn since we began service together at old Fort Clark, Texas. I was a cavalry second lieutenant just back from the Leavenworth Schools. General Edwards, later affectionately known as "The Old Man," was then a first Lieutenant of the 23rd Infantry, the regiment which he had joined on graduation from West Point in 1883. He was tall, slender and erect, a splendid horseman, handy with his fists, a good shot, a good dancer, a handsome and soldierly young officer.

Edwards was not the man to "high-hat" his brother officers. He was as free from that tendency as any man I ever knew. But the Old Army were not very tolerant of officers on detached service, and there was considerable undercurrent of talk about "The Washington soldier" and the "educated lieutenant from Leavenworth". He heard that sort of talk when it was directed at me; I heard it when it was intended for him. Mutual interest threw us together and we were good friends through all the intervening years until that gray day a few months ago when he was laid beside his wife and only daughter in a soldier's grave, in Arlington.

No effort is made in a regiment to seek out particularly congenial duty for the officer just back from long detached service. There was some four or five miles below Fort Clark in a delta of the Las Moras Creek a Post Garden, which within the memory of man had always been a failure. It had never yielded a decent vegetable. Lieutenant Edwards was at once detailed as Officer in Charge of the Post Garden. Lieutenant Harbord was detailed to make a survey and locate some irrigation dams to provide water for the garden. Mine was a short job. His lasted through a torrid Texas summer. He was on his horse, a splendid Virginia hunter, and off for the garden every morning at reveille. The man fairly lived on work. He became an authority on gardening. The post garden in that year of 1896 furnished more vegetables than all the troops in the post, including officers' families, could use.

The Regimental Quartermaster went on leave for a month and Lieutenant Edwards was detailed to act in his absence. He covered the post with whitewash, and the walks and roads were made as smooth and clean as billiard tables. To his quartermaster duties was added the Post Exchange. He took it over as little better than a beer saloon and left it a few months later, almost as a department store. Anything the Exchange did not carry in stock would be ordered for you. The Quartermaster re-

turned for a few months and on his promotion the following spring Edwards was appointed to succeed him.

One of his specialties was the care of animals and equipment. He knew every mule and every soldier in the quartermaster's department by name. His wagon

trains turned out with hub caps polished, every buckle shining, and the mules manicured and valeted to a finish. In late 1897, a few weeks before the Maine was blown up, the 23rd Infantry was inspected by Lieutenant Colonel Lawton, by whose side the gallant Lawton, then a Major General,



*The late General Clarence R. Edwards
Beloved Commander of Twenty-Sixth Division*

fell with an insurgent bullet through his heart. That inspection was their first meeting, and the memory of Edwards' efficiency no doubt was in the General's mind in 1899 when he asked for him for his staff. No doubt you men of the 26th Division can remember things which your loved Commander did on his inspections that dated back to his Quartermaster experiences and his love for snappy equipment and well turned out animals.

It was an alluring life we lived in those youthful days. Fort Clark, Texas, was a frontier post built just after the Mexican War. Army life there had to be sufficient to itself, for there was no town within a hundred miles except an occasional half-Mexican village. No one who did not himself live it can ever quite comprehend the charm of the old army life in those days when the whole American Military establishment was less in size than your own 26th Division when you went to France. In this typical army post, of Fort Clark, Edwards and his attractive wife were leaders and favorites.

Rides, races, field days, gymkhanas, quail shooting, dances, round-ups,—and old Mexico but two days away by team in those motorless days of the gay nineties. Mrs. Edwards, whom you of New England knew when ill health and sorrow had left their mark, was in the very bloom of youthful loveliness in those days of thirty-five years ago and was one of the most charming and attractive women I ever knew. One of the very precious memories, of my life, more dear as the years have gone, is my remembrance of that splendid young couple. There was no flaw in the happiness of the moment, no shadows of sorrows to come.

The Spanish American War soon followed those Texas days. The 23rd Infantry was ordered to New Orleans, and Lieutenant Edwards filled various staff positions in a provisional division which was hastily organized there. In May 1898, he was appointed a Major and Adjutant General of Volunteers and served as Adjutant General of the 4th Army Corps with various interruptions until January 1899 when under orders for the Department of Havana, his destination was suddenly changed on two days' notice and he joined Major General Henry W. Lawton and sailed for the Philippines. Lawton had remembered the efficient young officer he had inspected at Fort Clark. For the next eleven months Lieutenant Colonel Edwards, as he had now become, saw very active service at the side of the only American Major General killed in action since the Civil War.

Many new and unusual problems arising out of our occupation of Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines were now calling for solution. There was an organization in the Office of the Secretary of War, called the Division of Insular Affairs, the function of which was to handle these insular matters. Edwards was assigned to it and administered that important office with conspicuous success. From a division in the office of the Secretary of War it became a separate Bureau which exists to this day, and for which Congress created the grade of Brigadier General.

I served General Edwards as Assistant Chief of the Insular Division for eight

months in 1901, and from the circumstances of my own service in the Philippines from 1902 to 1914, I had much opportunity to observe the efficient work that he did for the next decade. His characteristics were much the same in Washington as in Texas. His tremendous energy found nothing too important or too trifling for his Bureau to be willing to undertake. He literally looked for work, and the man who does that generally finds it. He also invariably attracts the favorable attention of his superiors. That was true of General Edwards. He served through the administrations of Secretaries of War Root, Taft, Wright, and Dickinson. The period covered by Root and Taft, 1899 to 1908, was particularly the time of growth and expansion for the Insular Bureau. The Philippines continued to be the principal insular problem, as it still is. The constructive work in the government of the Islands during the early days of the Century, so far as directed from Washington, was of course nominally credited to the Secretary of War, but it was in no small part the initiative of General Edwards, the Chief of the Insular Bureau. He never side-stepped responsibility. His administration of about twelve years witnessed the end of the Military Government of the Philippines; the establishment of the Civil Government; the purchase of the Friar Islands; the inauguration of the Philippine assembly; and the liberalization of our Tariff to permit free entry of Philippine products.

Accompanying Secretary Taft when in 1905 he brought to the Philippines the great educational crusade of Senators and Representatives known in the Orient as the "Taft Party"; he came again in 1907 to assist the Secretary in the opening of the new Philippine Assembly; and with further extension of power to the Filipinos he again came to the Islands with Secretary Dickinson in 1910. All these years of experience were strengthening General Edwards' native inclination to accept responsibility. As the continuing permanent chief of his Bureau with political secretaries changing from time to time, he came to exercise more actual power in the control of those Far-Away-Isles of the Eastern seas, than any other man in the War Department. It was an opportunity, too, during which his gift for inspiring good opinions on the part of his superiors brought him the trust and confidence of those two great Secretaries of War, Elihu Root and William H. Taft.

Primarily a line soldier by instinct, Edwards had never been entirely content with his conspicuous success in the semi-civil duties of the Insular Bureau, but longed for the opportunity to command troops. The reward of his faithful and efficient service came when his friend President Taft appointed him a Brigadier General in the line in 1912. Thereafter his duty as a brigade commander took him in turn to peacetime stations in Wyoming, Texas, Hawaii and the Panama Canal Zone. In all these commands he displayed that marvelous gift by which he will be longest remembered—that astonishing ability to win the love and respect, and arouse the enthusiasm of the men he commanded. The entrance of the United States into the World War found him enroute home from Panama to assume

command of the Northeastern Department with Headquarters in this City.

Events were moving quickly when General Edwards assumed command of the Northeastern Department in May 1917, and August found him at the head of the gallant 26th Division preparing to sail for France. From that day until the end of his life there are many thousands of veterans of that splendid division who could tell his story better than I or any other man from outside your rock-bound New England. The official records of a Division are but the skeleton which those who followed its fortunes may in memory clothe again with the romance and glamor of devotion to a cause; with the pride and joy of success; with the profound tragedy of sorrow and suffering. The record of the 26th shows that General Edwards commanded it from August 22nd to October 11th, then preceded it to France, where he rejoined it on November 11th, 1917. The record shows that he commanded it from that date until that fateful 24th of October, 1918, when he heard its drumming machine guns and the roar of its artillery for the last time.

The 26th Division began its training in France on October 23rd, and ended its service in the American Expeditionary Forces when its last unit sailed for home on April 11th, 1919. As Chief of Staff, I often visited the Division at Neufchateau during that long hard winter it passed in that "Valley Forge" of the American Expeditionary Forces. When the second Division which I had joined in May, was relieved by the 26th near Belleau Wood and Vaux during the first week of July, I had a few moments' conversation with General Edwards. Then as will happen in war, our paths crossing for a moment diverged again as quickly and I never saw him again until I visited him in lovely Westwood in 1921.


No general officer of my acquaintance, or within the range of my reading of history, had in more marked degree that remarkable gift of arousing the enthusiasm of the men whom he commanded. They loved him. They trusted him. They saw in him no fault. It may not be too much to say,—however unorthodox it may sound from the standpoint of an old professional soldier,—that the 26th Division would probably have rather lost under General Edwards than to have won under the command of a stranger. Such devotion, right or wrong, is rare among the soldiers who fight under the flags of a democracy,—you often found it in the days of the First Empire. It was perhaps because Edwards loved his men so well that they loved him; he knew thousands of them personally; commanded them in a very human way; was approachable at all times; was solicitous for their welfare and for their rights. He knew human nature and he knew soldiers.

Time was softening the bitterness of his war years, and his stormy grief for the loss of his only child, who died in the flu epidemic of October 1918, while in training to be an army nurse. I can think of nothing more cruel than the fate which through the miscarriage of a cablegram, left him to learn of the death of that idol-

Continued on page 341

Warde Traver in His Sky Studio

In His Garden Terrace Studio Atop a New York Hotel, far above the Seething Streets of the City, Warde Traver's Magic Brush Transforms Canvases into Rich Repositories of Beauty



words of prophecy the picture of an *atelier* that was now before me. Dreams had become realities and realities a dream. In the flood of a western sunlight he had put the finishing touches to a portrait of a man eminent in public life, whose name was known to millions. It was in fact a "speaking likeness"—so much so that the picture on the easel seemed to be another person in the room enjoying with us the full-orbed sunset—the studio suffused with the golden sunlight. From dainty leafy bowers spangled with yellow roses, tulips, and hyacinths, the canary birds caroled an evensong. The giant brass candle-light standard, reaching almost to the ceiling, shone out like a sentinel in armor, ready to challenge the coming stars and twinkling lights of the city below. The studio had something of the reverential atmosphere of a cathedral, as a prism of gentle light suggested calm and quietude. Bits of statuary, paintings, and trophies in rugged brass co-ordinated in the ornamental effects which Emerson insisted should be the home environment of cultured people.

THE most interesting people I know are those who live true to their character and their ideals. They play their part in the drama of life with sincerity, unconsciously reflecting that subtle something known as personality. When an acquaintance continues on through the varied vicissitudes of the years, interest is intensified as the lights and shadows blend into the fascinating picture of friendship.

In a studio atop the towering Barbizon Plaza, far above the seething traffic of the pulsating avenues of New York City, I found my friend of the old days, Warde Traver—now an eminent portrait painter. At this time he seemed about the happiest man in the metropolis, for was he not enjoying the fulfilment of his dreams? In years past he had described to me in glowing

The twilight gathered over the busy metropolis with the same fascination as in a pastoral scene—marking the subtle transition from day to night. As the southern curtain was drawn and we passed out upon the terrace into a veritable hanging garden, there was real green-sward flanked with growing flowers, shrubs, and even trees, providing a setting for the music of the busy murmuring of a brook dashing over the rocks animated by a tiny motor from a hydrant source, the lights of an enchanted Gotham resplendent in the man-made majesty of lighted towers—a view that suggested the splendor of a Rajah's jewels in the zenith days of Mother India. Under the orange-colored canopy, in the cosy nooks of this terrace retreat, one might look for nymphs. There they

were, statues inanimate, but very human-like, looking on while the trill of the tree toads and the chirp of the crickets and the singing birds gave life to the scene. An old-fashioned garden of roses, ivy, rhododendron, bleeding hearts, iris, violets, and delphinium, was surrounded by walls that gave the tone of age—and what was this? Lettuce—and young bright green grass surrounding a long Mediterranean blue lily pool and a shining green dance floor. Festoons of amber lights, "home-made moonlight" and a radio loudspeaker, hidden in the shrubbery, were other delightful accessories.

Looking to the northwest was Central Park with its lakes shining like silver in the moonlight. We lingered long in this sequestered retreat, talking over earlier days, with an interesting comment concerning the people whom he had portrayed.



Warde Traver



Mrs. Charles Hann Jr., and daughter, granddaughter of the late Gen. Samuel Thomas. From the portrait by Warde Traver

Then the glorious morning—breakfast on the terrace at the break of day. We had joined the ancient order of sun worshippers as the activities of the great metropolis were commencing, and we lingered long over the coffee cups still “talking it over.” The varied moods of a full-orbed day and night were included in the swift-flying moments in this studio and garden atop the great city.

Now it was morning—the beginning of another day—bringing with it the joy of “something to do”—looking forward to another tomorrow.

With an old-fashioned quill I started to portray the artist in his New York studio. The pen first recorded the fact that the birthplace of Warde Traver, the artist, was in Ann Arbor, the great university town of the mid-west. After thirteen years of schooling in his home town—most of the time painting pictures, for he began at the tender age of five—he had to meet the problems of supporting his mother and himself. Before he had graduated from knee trousers, he was an instructor of an art class. Childhood days hold many interesting memories of his varied experiences with his pupils, young and old. An elderly neighbor, who was interested in him and noted his facility, asked him to give her lessons and paid him for this instruction. Her first pic-

ture was completed with everything she could think of included in her landscape. It had a background of trees and mountains, lovers, the lighted church in the distance, a cow and milkmaid, the dog, the house with large pillars in front, and a winding road with a long fence radiating in all directions. The masterpiece was completed under instructions from her young teacher—and exhibited to admiring friends with the pride of an art enthusiast, the joy and delight of the few remaining days of her life.

* * *

As an aspiring art student in Munich where he studied under Karl Marr at the Royal Academy, he wrote to me this confident announcement: “Am now ready to try my wings on a cover for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE that I feel will attract attention and help sell magazines. If it doesn’t do that, I shall try again.”

Upon his return, he brought the painting to the office. Standing at a distance, he observed those who looked at his picture with an expression of a young father, wondering what they would think of his first-born—cover page.

Following the publication of his Munich masterpiece, he made covers for other magazines and built up a vogue for the Traver girl. In many of the leading hotels his paintings were exhibited and he traveled with them, admitting the soft impeachment that he was an artist. Among the subjects that have become popular favorites is the one reproduced on the cover of the NATIONAL this month, called “The Shepherd of the Hills.” Other subjects that have become well-known to the public are “The Peace of Evening,” “Rainbow Land

of Dreams,” and “End of a Perfect Day.” Most of his paintings were used on calendars in the earlier days and reached the tremendous circulation of eighty millions. Later he made a pilgrimage to Southern England to perfect himself in landscape painting under Henry P. Snell and utilized this rare instruction in depicting his American landscapes. Florida has lured him for many winters, and he found himself there under the spell of the bewitching moonlight and smiling sunshine.

Among over three hundred portraits painted by Mr. Traver are: The late Siegfried Wagner, son of the great composer, painted at the Lido, Venice; Amelia E. Barr, English authoress, painted at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.; Mrs. Jesse Livermore, wife of the well-known New York broker, painted aboard the houseboat “Gadfly”, Bay of Biscayne, Florida; Mrs. Roy W. Howard, wife of the president of the Scripps-Howard News Syndicate, painted at Hotel Flamingo, Miami Beach, Florida; Senator Jose Chopitea, Sugar king of Lima, Peru, painted at Hotel Plaza, New York; Lorraine Liggett, daughter of Louis K. Liggett, painted at the estate, “Gwyder”, Boston, Mass.; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, America’s distinguished poetess; Lady Reginald Leigh, London, first woman to fly in an aeroplane, the flight being made with Glenn Curtis; Senator Dennison Talcott, of Talcottville, Conn.; Rev. John W. McCrackan, pastor of the American Church in Munich; Miss Eleanor Upperu, daughter of Inglis Upperu, president of the



“When Twilight Comes”
From a painting by Warde Traver

Upper-Cadillac Corp.; the late Georgie O'Ramey, Broadway comedy star; Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine; Mrs. Orison Swett Marden; Edwin Markham, poet-laureate of America; Ivor Novello, the English playwright, actor and composer of "Keep the Home Fires Burning"; Charles Lathrop Pack, Lakewood, N. J.; Colonel Richard C. Patterson, Jr., Commissioner of Correction of Greater New York; Harry Richman, motion picture star, night-club impresario and vaudeville headliner; Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Agnes Ayres; Anna Q. Nilsson; Helene Chadwick; Francis X. Bushman; Mrs. Charles Hann, Jr., formerly Lucy Cotton Thomas and daughter Lucetta; the late Alan E. Lefcourt, son of the well-known skyscraper builder and the late S. W. Straus, one of America's outstanding financiers.

Truly an inspiring procession of portraits that pay tribute to the ability of Warde Traver in the days of his success. The roster is especially interesting to the friends who knew him in his early struggles for it reveals "of, how, when, and where" the work was done. If there ever was a young man who faced obstacles and overcame them, patiently and persistently, it was the young artist who now sits before his easel with perfect confidence and surety as he catches the lights and shadows and uses the subtle blending of colors that reflect the living likeness before him. In his earlier life, he did nearly every kind of

labor in order to help on with his art and he has kept in physical training for many years with daily half-hour sun baths on the roof or on his terrace whenever the weather permitted.

He was a protege of the late Frank D. Millet and has been assisted by millionaires on three occasions to study abroad. The names of Frederick H. Rindge and Louis K. Liggett of Boston and the late C. W. Post, of Postum Cereal fame, are a trio for whom he expresses deep gratitude. As lovers of art and collectors of paintings they recognized in this tall, slender, blue-eyed young man, a persistence that was certain to develop all the artistic ability that he had already proven.

A firm believer in having models reflecting the mood desired in a suitable environment, he was seen tuning in the radio and the phonograph music for some, and reading for others. In securing a moonlight effect, he poses models in the blue light generated by a moveable wingtip electrical apparatus. If a setting sun effect is desired, it is obtained by the use of amber-colored electric bulbs, which have given the Belasco-like lighting effects for his terrace far above the madding throng.

"I wonder if there is not something in reincarnation," he said to me musingly, "for I feel sometimes that I must have been an artist monk in my previous existence, for the Gothic architecture and Spanish monasteries have a fascination for me, and that is why I perhaps succeeded when I made a tour of California in painting the old missions for the Santa Fe Railroad. In my childhood days, I spent much of my time painting angels and Easter lilies which led my benefactor, Frederick H. Rindge, to remark: 'Your work looks as if you had sat at the feet of Fra Angelico, himself!'"

That is why he fits his daily routine into a schedule conserving time and preserving beauty in all things. One could not conceive Warde Traver painting the ugly and repugnant.

When he plans a tour far afield to browse in the inspiring scenes of Nature at her best, he seeks the calm and soothing—reflecting his well-ordered and systematic mode of work and living. His studio car, which he calls "Traver's Travel Trailer" is equipped with modern conveniences. He insists on resting spells that compel relaxation—which is usually a change of subjects on the easel or a change of occupation shifting from



"Evening Prayer"
From a painting by Warde Traver

the brush to a hoe or rake in the garden, following the rows of growing flowers or vegetables as assiduously as he would the boundaries of a fairway if he were a golf enthusiast—which he is not. In these days of extremes and mad rush after strange Gods and imps of ugliness in art, it is refreshing to find some who maintain the poise and balance that are associated with the words "common sense" and sanity, in nearly all other avocations and vocations in life. There is a progressive consistence in Mr. Traver's work that bespeaks a longer period of art favor, than if he had succumbed to some passing fad only to see his paintings fade in interest within a decade like a discarded garment—out of style—and find their way to the shades of the garret, for grandchildren to bring out and play with as "spooks" in the dark.

His studio is located in the Barbizon-Plaza which is now one of the popular art centers of New York. Many artists and literary people pursue their work within these towering walls, oblivious of the seething activities below, far above the noise, dirt, dust and cinders, free from mosquitoes and flies, enabling them to enjoy a summer vacation in the midst of a city having seven million population. In this environment of paradoxical isolation, artists at altitudinal heights, are not only provided seclusion, but a contact with all the world, for there was the radio in the wall, ready to carry the voices of speakers and singers and sweet strains of music from all parts of the world. Miracles are coming so fast these days, one wonders what will happen next.

As to his later work, the illustrations of this article tell the story. These are only a few of the many bits of blank canvas that he has transformed with the magic of colors and his unerring artistic touch into paintings that will endure and cheer—and bring the thought of future generations to the signature of "Warde Traver" modestly inscribed in an obscure corner.



The late Alan E. Lefcourt, son of the well-known skyscraper builder. From the portrait by Warde Traver

Chicago to Celebrate "Century of Progress"

The Greatest World's Fair in History now being prepared in the Metropolis of the midwest to celebrate "A Century of Progress" that will startle the world with exhibits of the achievements of the past one hundred years

TWO years from now Chicago will celebrate its 100th birthday by inviting the world to visit A Century of Progress Exposition. As birthdays of cities go, Chicago is comparatively young. The municipality is an infant compared to

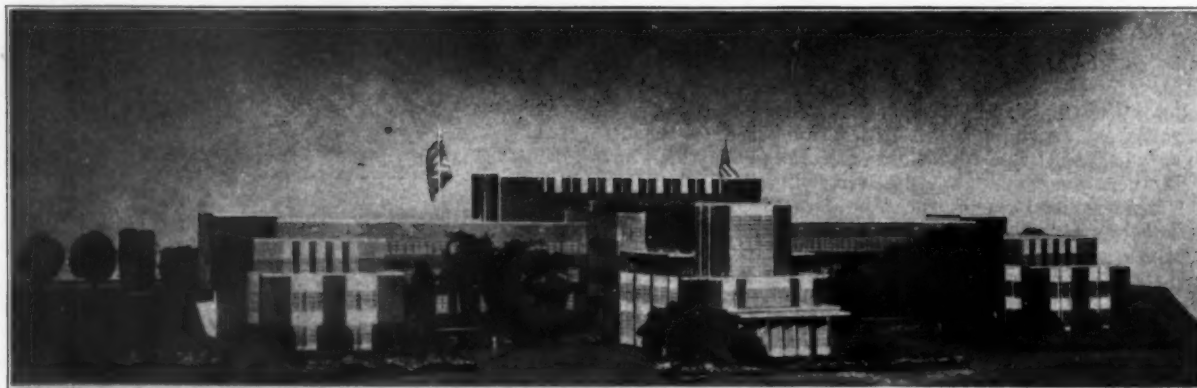
the telephone, the telegraph and radio, in lighting, power transmission, machinery of production, medicine, agriculture, education and social science.

An amazing amount of action has already been translated into buildings now standing

on Chicago's beautiful lake front. Two full years ahead of the opening, the Administration building is erected and functioning; a replica of old Fort Dearborn has been formally dedicated and opened to the public; and the Travel and Transport building is virtually completed. In addition, work has been started on a great building that will house the exhibits of the basic sciences and the medical sciences, while plans for other buildings have been completed and construction is expected to be pushed ahead during the summer.

A force of workers on the Exposition staff, aided by hundreds of others, are busy preparing the separate chapters of this great drama of human progress, putting it into understandable language for the eyes of the millions of visitors to the Fair two years hence.

The site chosen on Chicago's new lake front for this vast dramatization of mankind's rise in the past hundred years is peculiarly fitting. In itself, it is as remarkable an exhibit of the progress made in applied sciences in the last century, as any of the exposition buildings that are

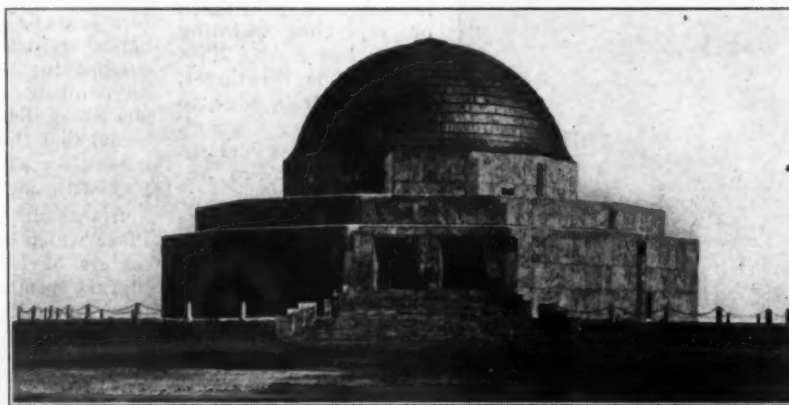


The pictured model shows the proposed landscaping plan for the Administration building of A Century of Progress. In conformity with the structure itself, landscaping will be modern in technique, with trees and shrubs so placed as to set off to the best advantage the architecture of the building.

many of the older cities of the world. Yet in the one hundred years of existence Chicago has become the third largest metropolis in the world.

The century in which this near miracle has occurred has witnessed amazing changes in the scheme of living. Without the great scientific discoveries in electricity, steam and other fields, and their successful application to industry, the growth of cities like Chicago from a marshy outpost to a gigantic metropolis would not have been possible.

The new World's Fair in 1933 will commemorate one hundred years of man's conquests over natural forces that have so miraculously improved his manner of living. It will celebrate the progress of civilization made possible by the scientific achievements in transportation,



Already in operation, the famous Adler planetarium or "Cathedral of the Skies" will form an imposing part of the Exposition.



The picture shows a model of the proposed Electrical group, which, according to plans, will be located on Northerly Island. It will house three sections of electrical exhibits; radio, wire communication, distribution and utilization of power.

built or planned, or any of the exhibits themselves. Every foot of ground on which the exposition will stand is land made by the South Park board, manufactured by sucking up sand from the lake bottom and filling in materials inside a stone breakwater. It is probably the world's most valuable piece of "made" land.

Since people visit a world's fair to get new ideas, see new products, new methods of manufacturing and new sights to discuss, what will be some of the outstanding things that will attract them in A Century of Progress?

First of all, they will see new achievements in architecture in the temples and halls devoted to the basic and applied science of construction, ground planning, ventilation, lighting, new uses of materials and new resources of color.

One of the most remarkable of the new architectural concepts is found in the Travel and Transport building. For the first time in history, the architects have not covered up the engineering skeleton of the building. Instead the skeleton has been put on the outside and made beautiful. This new idea may have far-reaching effects on the architecture of the future.

Another departure from the old order of building, is the dome of this 1,000 foot windowless structure. Instead of being supported by pillars, the roof of the dome is hung from cables on the outside. In many respects, this dome is one of the most remarkable structures ever designed by man. By its construction the roof may be in constant motion. An expansion or contraction of its circumference of from six to seven feet is possible, under an unusual wind pressure from any direction. This expansion and contraction have given it the name of the "dome that breathes with the seasons."

The Administration Building, of lofty ceilings, high windows, warm colors and advanced forms of illumination, was the first exposition building to be designed and completed. In many ways it forecasts the architectural form of the Fair. In the form of a huge letter "E", with the open side facing a lagoon and the closed sign paralleling Leif Eriksen Drive, the Administration

Building combines the practical with the decorative in architecture. The Administration building houses all the offices of A Century of Progress. Two of its most remarkable features are a great entrance lobby or exhibit hall in which models or drawings of buildings and exhibits are displayed as they develop, and a trustees' room in which distinguished guests are received and entertained.

Old Fort Dearborn, reconstructed from the original specifications of the War Department of more than a century ago, and the first building of A Century of Progress opened to the public, is expected to be a point of great interest with visitors in 1933. Its handhewn log stockades and battlements are in striking contrast to the towering skyscrapers of Michigan boulevard and provide a graphic visualization of human progress in the past century.

The illumination of A Century of Progress will be one of its most fascinating aspects. At the present time, the general conception is of buildings floodlighted with a color corresponding to the painted color of the building, and producing a rich response of these particular colors. The recessed portions of these buildings may be made intense pools of light, against which the projecting portions will stand out in bold silhouette. According to plans now under contemplation, the intensity of light will increase as the buildings rise from the ground, reaching a climax at the highest elevation in the form of metallic jewels of high reflected candlepower and long-range possibilities.

Special lighting effects at strategic positions, such as dancing and scintillating colors, color transparencies, color-shadow effects, luminous vapor effects, electrical cascades and iridescent features of all kinds are now being studied by illumination experts of A Century of Progress.

Visitors to the 1933 World's Fair will find the methods of display in the exhibits telling the story of civilization's progress in the past century in an entirely new fashion. Whenever exhibits can be shown in action, action will be the display method. In place of miles of products to be looked

at and not handled, it is expected that visitors will find miles of activities—constructive activities which translate scientific ideas into communication and transportation, food and shelter, necessities and luxuries.

The story of mankind in America and his development and culture will be one of the most fascinating features of the Exposition. In a twelve acre area set aside as the anthropological exhibit, the story of the Indian, how he fared in America, how his surroundings moulded his life and how he affected his surroundings will be unfolded.

From a living Eskimo village carrying on the daily life of its aboriginal homeland, the exhibits will include the Northwest totem pole Indians with their great plank houses; the Californian Indians expert in basket making and fond of colorful animal skins and the gay plumage of birds; the Blackfoot with feathered heads and beaded garments; the Southwestern Indians with their Pueblos; the nomadic Navajos. The culture of the Eastern Indians will be depicted as it was in the early days of the white settlers, the Mound Builders will be represented as they were in the early days of Illinois and nearby states.

Most striking of all, however, will be the greatest achievement of early man in America—a great Mayan temple rising on a huge terrace overlooking the surrounding territory. This will be a reproduction of the four buildings which made up the famous nunnery at Uxmal, in Yucatan. This magnificent temple will appear as it looked in the time of its glory more than 1,000 years ago. The original was built by the American Indians several centuries before Columbus set sail, by men who knew no metals, no wheels and no beasts of burden.

Millions of visitors will come to Chicago in 1933 to witness the dramatization of mankind's progress, in the World's Fair. The question is frequently asked, "How will Chicago house all these guests?" The answer is that exclusive of those who will stop with relatives or friends when they visit A Century of Progress, Chicago hotels can provide for 400,000 visitors a day—all within forty-five minutes of the Fair grounds.

General Harbord's Tribute to an Army Pal

Continued from page 336

zed daughter from a chance newspaper that came to his eye in Paris as he was passing through under his orders to return to America in the week before the Armistice.

* * *

But resignation not unmingled with pride, had perhaps, taken the place of grief at his daughter's untimely death, when remorseless fate dealt the Old Man

a final blow in 1929 when the wife of his splendid youth was taken from him. I never saw him but once after that, when erect and stern-faced, he was in the rotunda of the Capitol in Washington last May paying the last tribute of the Division Commander to Fighting Jack Greenway of Arizona. I can readily imagine what the love of his men and of this community has meant to him in these last lonely two years at Westwood. In fancy I can see him

throwing back his head and straightening his shoulders in that old familiar gesture which you men of the 26th must have seen ten thousand times. He was putting his affairs in order, and again facing Death as he had faced it in other and happier days. I think I can in fancy hear him saying softly to himself, as the boys used to say in the war, when waiting to go over the top—"It won't be long now." And so he passes from the scene.

How a Woman Won a "Winged Victory"

The stirring story of self-sacrifice when a woman's loyalty to family triumphs emulated the ideal of the statue "Winged Victory"

By HORACE E. BUKER

RUTH Fullerton's New England mother taught her that a girl who dressed plainly and deported herself with modesty would attract no unfavorable attention. Ruth was dutiful and she attracted practically no notice at all.

Several years after the death of her mother she began to suspect that there was something wrong with the rules she had been taught. Probably some of the Centerville library patrons would have been shocked had they sensed the seething revolt that at times tempted Ruth to run away from all that she had known and discover for herself the meaning of life.

The trouble seems to have been that she was born a century or two after her proper time and found the popularity of the Puritan maiden on the decline. It seems strange that no one in Centerville suspected from the sparkling grey eyes, the swift, friendly humor, the graceful authority of her slim figure that a far more entrancing personality was obscured by training and tradition.

For the Fullertons had brought traditions to the early west and built traditions into their righteous, restricted lives. Ruth was the product, not only of ten New England generations but of parental education. She was highly respected by some of the older families for her ancestry, refinement and culture, but no one of her own age ever thought of inviting her to a party. Ruth had missed the boat and the modern world had sailed without her.

She had saved enough for a trip to Europe, after several years in the Centerville library. The last evening before her four months leave of absence she took her usual turn at the desk. There were not many night patrons, but Mrs. Clarke, local authority on manners and customs, came in for something by Huxley—Aldous, not Thomas.

"I just know your dear mother never would have consented to your going to Paris alone," she lingered to warn.

Ruth wondered just how antique she would have to be before the old family friends accepted her as an individual. "How about London or Florence or Rome?" she parried. "Or even New York. Any great city is just like a dictionary. You find what you're looking for."

"They have so many terrible dens there—and such actions!" insisted the lady. "I never would set my foot in such a place."

"But you have to hunt for such places," assured Ruth, "and I don't expect to have time or inclination. You can find trouble over in Chicago if you hunt for it. I hope to find history, beauty, new interests. Who would care for Montmartre when they could see the real Winged Victory in the Louvre?"

"I could name you several," smiled Mrs. Clarke, "and all I ever got out of Europe was headache and footache. Why, if you want to see another of those amputated females there's a big one right in the Art Institute in Chicago, just as good as the one in Paris. What's pretty about her, anyway?"

They glanced towards the pedestal where stood the girl's most faithful friend, companion of many a weary evening in the silent building. So far as Ruth remembered the Nike of Samothrace always had been there, even in her childhood days. The plaster copy of an ancient sculpture fascinated her with its message of courage and power.

"Oh, don't you feel it?" she asked. "Such beauty and strength. An indomitable challenge to life."

"She looks like a total loss to me," confessed Mrs. Clarke. "Maybe you need a vacation, Ruth. Just take my advice and study some of the real live girls over in Paris."

Behind the departing back Ruth winked at her plaster friend, that maimed but majestic lady who seemed to know so much about time and man that there was nothing at all to be said.

"Strange that Mrs. Clarke can't see what I see," she thought. "Perhaps you have to have the feeling inside before anything means what it should."

It did not occur to Ruth that she was interpreting a Grecian classic in the terms of her own restricted heritage and education and that the appeal was something far more common, more vivid, than the intellectual. Still, for just a moment of revelation she wondered what she really was.

The last hour before freedom seemed long. At times her heart raced with happiness, almost to suffocation; again the fear of change, of the unknown, almost the fear of life, weighed down with leaden heels of tradition and vague doubts. Would Rome and Paris prove that it was not Centerville but herself from which there was no escape?

Had the years of repression set their seals so deeply that even in strange lands she could not find her other self—the winged victory of her hopes? Because she knew more about Thebes and Ur than of

the country club on the edge of town, was she so different as people thought?

Her fortunate friends seemed rather frivolous, but mysteriously interesting, reminiscent of periods in the distant past when wealth and leisure flowered. She felt a vague envy of those who knew so much less than she but seemed to enjoy themselves so much more.

To some people a trip to Europe is an incident; to Ruth it was an event demanding stern preparation and thoughtful study. She knew exactly what she intended to see, and even had exhausted in anticipation part of the emotional response.

Paris meant so many things to so many people; the eternal mirror giving back the reflection of what one brings. And she, who never really lived, would seek no less than the meaning of life and time. Paris—where time centers the stream of life; where gargoyles leer in contempt at the years and glory of man and spires attest the enduring faith of races.

No one could have imagined the thought of Ruth, strange, vagrant thoughts that leaped the barriers of her conscious aims and thronged an active, youthful, hopeful brain. Just what she asked she did not know, but she had not found it at home, under the shadow of the dead hand. Slowly she distributed a last armful of books and turned out the lights.

"Nike," she said aloud, pausing a moment in the darkened hall. "I'm coming back, maybe as wise as you. Maybe as badly trimmed, but not so dusty."

Ruth had delayed her trip until fall, planning to spend a few days with her sister, Martha, in New York before sailing. Martha had escaped early from Centerville and parental improvement by marrying Rob Hardy and moving to New York.

Before she reached her sister's home Ruth doubted the wisdom of challenging the world, or even annoying it. She was tired, confused and a little frightened by her first contact with the rushing millions. Martha had written precise directions, but had not offered to meet her because of the children.

Ruth always had pictured Martha as living in a better neighborhood, and she wondered if some mistake had not been made in the address. Martha and Rob had seemed such successful city people, so serene in their sophistication, so disdainful of country life, when last they visited Centerville. Accustomed to well spaced homes on shaded streets she found this remote and crowded cave stifling and depressing.

But it was Martha who came to the door and folded her in welcoming arms. Janie was home with a cold and Bobbie had just gone down to the store.

"You haven't changed a bit," declared Martha. "Still playing the New England nun. Downtown they'll take you for a governess from up Brookline way."

"I thought I was rather daring," admitted Ruth, vaguely disappointed. "I never dared to wear these clothes at home. A reputation is so confining."

"Some day you'll wake up and the caliope will just be getting back on the lot," laughed Martha. "I don't see why you have to be like all our folks way back; they never had any fun or did much for us."

Martha hurried around the tiny rooms, preparing dinner and keeping up a steady fire of questions and chatter, but Ruth felt the change that the years had made in their interests, almost in their characters. She was strangely homesick. Martha seemed so mature, so modern, so rooted in complacent mediocrity, so different from her earlier self.

So this was what the city did to people, what marriage meant. Children to be curbed in cell-like rooms or sent out upon the dangerous streets; economies, ceaseless and depressing; neighbors decreed by the rigid selection of financial caste. And these people who huddled together by millions ridiculed the little towns where there were homes and gardens, lawns and sunlight, leisure and old friends. Ruth wondered if she had quite appreciated Centerville.

Rob arrived late and seemed tired, but he tried to be hearty and agreeable. Dinner comment was a jumble of Centerville and New York news, Bobbie's school, that Italian family, the stock market, traffic problems, Jane's temperance.

Later when the little girl had gone fretfully to sleep and Bobbie had been sent to a movie, Rob talked with Ruth while Martha fluttered in mock dismay over the problem of an extra bed. They seemed so far away, almost like strangers. It was a lot of trouble for them to have an extra person, thought Ruth, and she almost wished she had sailed from Boston or Montreal.

For brief intervals Rob talked with his old charm, but he fell into long silences. Conscious of tension that she could not understand, Ruth caught only an occasional phrase, strange blends of boast and apology.

Finally she escaped to bed, but some time in the night she awoke and noticed that a light still burned in the living room. She heard Martha get a drink for Jane and then return to the lighted room. She drifted off again, conscious that Rob and Martha were talking in tones low, intense, strangely disquieting.

When Martha called her in the morning there was a narrow band of sunlight across the bed. Jane was better but would have to stay in a few days. Rob had gone to the office and Bobbie had left for school—three bad streets to cross and he had to allow time.

Ruth lay for a few delicious moments and let the flood of promise brush away the dreary routine of the world. She felt

the motion of a great boat, then it seemed to be a punt on the Thames, a little steamer on the Seine. Strange medieval images in color flashed in confused kaleidoscope across her mind.

Martha was at the door again. "Come Ruth," she called. "All aboard for Europe." The voice did not carry the cheer of the words, and her eyes seemed red.

Ruth started to dress then changed her mind and pattered out to the kitchen in her pajamas. Martha seemed quite gay, a little too demonstrative but Ruth drew her gently into the light and found her suspicions true.

"Now tell me," she ordered. "I knew last night from the way Rob acted that something was wrong."

Martha was crying now without concealment. "We've tried so hard to get ahead, and then Rob had to get into the market," she sobbed.

"You mean gambling, speculating?" Ruth faltered, dimly recalling that she had heard and read about widespread losses. "Did he lose much?"

"All we had—not much for some people," Martha confessed. "We could start all over again, but they called for eight hundred dollars more margin yesterday and he gave it to them. And that went—and it wasn't his money."

"You mean—" gasped Ruth, appalled.

"He was desperate, and it was the firm's money he had collected. They won't know it for a day or two, but that won't help us. He was sure the market would come back."

Jane called from another room and Martha hastily bathed her face and hurried to the child. Ruth walked slowly into her bedroom. Her castles crashed at every step. Not for a moment was there doubt or indecision in her mind, this daughter of the pioneers to whom family ties were sacred.

She had a thousand dollars in traveler's checks, and some bills. There would be a refund on her steamer ticket. But there was no time to lose. Disgrace and poverty for her sister, imprisonment for Rob, would be too great a price to pay for pleasure, too heavy a burden to carry across the seas. Somewhere in New York she could find work. She could conquer her fear of the roar and the crowds, but she could not go home and face her friends.

She scarcely realized that Martha, strangely old and tired, was telling her a rambling story of labor and hope, risk and defeat. The details were unimportant. Rob had speculated and lost; he had stolen money; he would go to prison. It could be prevented—if one acted quickly.

"Tell me where to meet Rob at noon," she commanded, starting to dress. "Telephone him to be there and that it will be all right."

Martha protested, but not convincingly. She fluttered and cried with gratitude and hurried Ruth to a car. Ruth seemed to be a stranger to the self she had known, detached from every support, crowded, jostled, beaten. She thought of her lonely vigils, safe at home, with the Winged Victory and she smiled at her ironic faith in human strength. But she squared her shoulders and lifted her chin.

She was afraid at first that she would miss Rob, but he was waiting at the drug store, anxious, expectant, his face white and lined with the hours of fear and despair. They hurried to a bank where he was known and cashed the checks. It would go into the day's collections and no one would know. He would pay it back, every cent.

"No," declared Ruth. "That would mean hardship for Martha and the children. It's my present to her. And I haven't any advice to give; I don't know anything about the ethics of it all except that they need you. But you've got to find me a job—right away."

In his own relief Rob had failed to grasp the extent of her sacrifice. His face reddened.

"But you've got a good job," he stammered. Now that he felt safe the idea of having Ruth on his hands did not seem so attractive.

"Of course I can't go home and be laughed at," she insisted. "I can do almost anything these girls can do." She nodded valiantly toward the passing throng outside the bank. "Maybe some things they can't. How about a library—a school?"

"It would take influence and lots of time and you haven't any certificate to teach in this state."

"How about the office where you work?"

"They've let off a few people lately and there's nothing open—even if you were a stenographer. Why not wait until tomorrow; we'll talk it over tonight."

Plainly he did not want her in his office or even in New York. He was anxious to get back to work and make certain of his own safety, so she dropped the subject. After a little thought she opened a checking account with her few remaining hundreds and wandered out into the crowd, drifting slowly and watching the signs.

Never having hunted for work she did not even know that there were different types of employment bureaus. Maids, cooks, stenographers, clerks seemed in demand, but not one of the insolent attendants bothered to tell her that there were bureaus more suitable for her talents.

At home Ruth was impartially friendly with gentlewomen who served as salesladies and with daughters of newly rich families. Her philosophy recognized no class barriers and lines were not very rigidly drawn in Centerville. Here she found women and girls resenting her as a competitor, whispering, crowding, indulging in ridicule of her appearance and her increasing timidity. She had thought one of the lower positions more easy to secure; instead she learned that the most genuine class barriers in the world are those imposed by ignorance and prejudice.

"Sister," sneered one agent. "You ain't got no recommendations and you don't know nothing worth knowing. You're too pretty to be so innocent and you've overdone the rube makeup. Try your game somewhere else."

Burning with shame and indignation,

Ruth tried some of the stores. There did not seem to be any great demand for a mid-western librarian who spoke several languages and held a Master's degree. She was just about to give up when the manager of an exclusive shop called her back from the door.

"There's an old lady who owns this building," he said, "very particular, old fashioned and all that. New York doesn't seem to produce the kind of companion she wants; anyway she doesn't keep them long. I wouldn't be surpris'd if you would be just her kind."

Another old lady to wait on and care for—and without the incentive of affection and duty. At first the prospect did not appeal to Ruth, but she was discouraged and almost desperate.

"I should like to talk with her about it," she agreed after the slightest of hesitation.

He turned to the telephone. Ruth could not help catching his words. "No, not at all fashionable—quite intelligent—educated—not bold, timid—rather good looking—oh, maybe 25—nice voice—from the West somewhere." It was rather interesting and a trifle embarrassing to hear this calm appraisal.

"She wants you to come right up," he declared, writing an address on his pad and handing it to her. "Don't be afraid of her; she's a very fine old lady. Good luck."

Mrs. Prudence Lord lived in an apartment overlooking the park, just such an apartment as Ruth had imagined Martha to occupy—the rental of which was only ten times Rob Hardy's income. At first she had no idea of the number of rooms, but there seemed to be several courteous servants and almost a rural atmosphere of serenity. In the old-fashioned room to which she was shown stood a beautiful miniature of the Winged Victory. From warming reunion with this old friend, the girl turned to meet a gracious lady who came toward her like some ancient portrait in black and lace.

From far below she could hear the ceaseless hum of the city; here she seemed back in the calm security of an earlier generation of her childhood memory.

Ruth was not timid with Mrs. Lord. The old lady, far more wealthy and sophisticated than she imagined, was one with whom she could be herself, a very interesting self indeed. She told many things without reserve, of the professor, her father, their summer explorations in the southwest, of Centerville life and traditions, of her own Puritan heritage and modern isolation.

"But why do you insist upon hiding your beauty and youth?" smiled the old lady at length.

"Probably because I was taught that way," Ruth admitted. "But I can learn as much as you want me to. Really I am beginning to feel a trifle grotesque."

"Not that," assured Mrs. Lord, "but the method of one generation to avoid the conspicuous may defeat its object in the next. It is a very little matter of adjustment which will give us no trouble. Could you endure to spend part of the summers

in my village home in Connecticut, a very primitive and lonely place?"

"I'd love to. Already I long for the big trees and wide lawns of Centerville."

"And part of the time in Europe? Some young ladies have considered traveling rather a bore."

"That would be the nicest part of it all," agreed Ruth, glancing again toward the Victory. "I've always wanted to visit the Louvre. Back home in the library I think the Victory was almost my best friend."

The older woman smiled. "I'm rather glad you're not all Puritan, after all," she said gently. "The Nike, you know, isn't exactly in the New England tradition and I'm afraid your ancestors and mine would have destroyed it because it was beautiful and therefore immoral. I like to think that the spirit of Greece and the harsh discipline of early America each has its place in an eternal plan."

"You help me to reconcile my own inclinations and doubts," the girl said slowly, feeling for the first time almost free of the weights placed on her shoulders by centuries of stern repression. "After all, the Victory is so very, very old—and so marvelously modern."

"Liberty and nobility are quite harmonious," Mrs. Lord explained, "although just now the truth is hidden under the reaction from all that your training represents. Eventually we will keep the best of both our ancient and recent ideals. Perhaps you feel odd in a great modern city only because you are a little nearer to that future plane."

* * *

Ruth found nothing difficult or confining about her obligations to Mrs. Lord. Instead she enjoyed greater liberty and far wider contact than ever before in her narrow life. Everything in her experience qualified her to discharge and enjoy her duties, which included reading, visiting, correspondence and even minor business details. Trips to theater and opera, to art exhibits and homes of culture were unalloyed delights.

Mrs. Lord was a gentlewoman accustomed to taking only what pleased her from the modern world, with the discrimination and means to make life more interesting with each passing year. Ruth began to achieve a balance in which the entire perspective of human experience helped to smooth the angles of her austere heritage. She decided that the best of modern womanhood was far more kin to the Winged Victory than to Patient Priscilla.

A wise allegiance in service was making her free, and freedom had made her beautiful. The fact was discovered by several young men known to Mrs. Lord, and even by that lady's nephew, Frank Poole.

Frank's occupation seemed to be the care of his own and his aunt's interests, which did not prevent him from being something of a favorite in society. It had occasionally been necessary for Ruth to see him in his office or to call him up elsewhere and frequently they met at dinner in her employer's home.

Sometimes she thought it necessary to retire within her outgrown Puritan shell to avoid any suspicion of misinterpreting his friendly acceptance. Then the big, smiling fellow called her Mehitable or perhaps Priscilla, according to the degree of her austerity. But her own sense of humor continually broke down the barriers. Sometimes Frank brought Mildred Severance to dinner, and many a night Ruth wondered if her dislike of that superb, metallic, insolent woman was based upon honest appraisal or cheap jealousy. She never had known a man quite so attractive as Frank, but it never even occurred to her that so perfect a product of modern life as Mildred might possibly regard her as a potential rival or that such a condition might be brought about.

Late in the spring Ruth was supervising the packing. At last she was to see Europe, Paris first, then Switzerland and possibly Bavaria. Her mind was filled with visions of the ocean voyage, of Versailles, Notre Dame, the Louvre and the boulevards. She was singing to herself when Mrs. Lord came in and sat for a moment in rather gloomy silence.

"I'm sorry, Ruth," the old lady said at last. "We won't be going after all. We'll leave right away for Connecticut. Mr. Frank has gone up to the old place and he always wants me there too. I might as well tell you—it's that girl. They've had some sort of disagreement and it's going to take him a little while back on the old place to learn how lucky he is."

"I'm sorry if he's hurt," Ruth said quietly. Strangely she did not feel so disappointed as the occasion seemed to warrant.

"I'm quite reconciled," Mrs. Lord said grimly. "Now is the time for both of them to wake up. The only things they had in common were leisure and wealth. Frank loves the old place but he never could get her near it."

Mrs. Lord's chauffeur drove them to Waybrook the next afternoon, a ride strangely thrilling to the girl from the middle west. Her childhood had been filled with stories of just such villages as they passed and with every mile the sense of homecoming increased.

The old Poole home sat on a hill at the end of town—a stone and frame building added to or restored by generation after generation. Beyond the great trees surrounding the house a wide meadow sloped down to the village and tilled fields to the little river winding its silver way into the distance.

They were met by the elderly couple who acted as caretakers and by Mrs. Lord's maid, the only servant ever required to leave New York. Frank came in a moment later, dressed in old clothes, his hands greasy from a tractor he was repairing for the tenant farmer. Certainly he did not appear to carry a broken heart.

"Come out and see the place," he invited Ruth. "I'll show you the livestock, anything you want from calves to kittens, and we'll get out the sail boat."

The old lady smilingly motioned for Ruth to go. As day followed day Frank

insisted more and more upon her company until she began to wonder if she were not neglecting her duty.

"Keep him busy," advised Mrs. Lord, in response to her doubts. "That's what we're here for. You couldn't do more for me in any other way and he doesn't seem to be suffering much. There's a lot of healing in the old home."

"It doesn't seem quite fair for me to be always around. He seems to have so many other friends down in town and out at the country club."

"I imagined he rather liked to exhibit you to them," laughed the old lady. "So if you don't mind—"

"I never had quite so good a time before in all my life," confessed Ruth honestly. "Not even down in New Mexico digging up cliff dwellings with my father." The utter absurdity of the comparison sent both of them into a ripple of merriment.

Ruth loved the old house with its great fireplace and treasures of old furniture, the silver and pewter, the dark blue Davenport dishes that had survived more than a century, the flax and wool wheels, dolphin candlesticks, warming pans and candle snuffers, all the reminders of other days when strong men and women built the foundation of a nation. She wondered why everything seemed so familiar to her, why even the name of Waybrook stirred mists of memory.

Then one day when she had the little car down in the village on an errand she ventured over the hills on the other side and sped off on a country road for several miles. She came back radiant.

"I've been back home," she confided at the dinner table. "Beyond Waybrook and up the Salmon Creek road to where some of my great grandfathers were born—the old Fullerton farm. I seemed to remember about Waybrook and I looked it up in a country history."

"I know the place," said Frank. "They've changed it a lot but Fullertons are there yet."

"They were very kind," added Ruth, "and we had quite a cousinly time of it. Oh, it was thrilling to go through the very rooms where John Fullerton brought Ruth Sampson, his bride, so long ago."

"No, no, go on," pleaded Frank when their smiles halted her in confusion. "We just didn't know there was anyone quite like you left on earth. I feel that way about this place."

Something of the same affection toward the old Poole homestead possessed Ruth, but she did not dare confess it. That evening Frank drove over to a neighboring farm with his tenant on some matter of a line fence. The elderly caretakers and the maid went to a picture show in town and Mrs. Lord retired early to her own room. Down in the village a crowded sports car, returning from a protracted week-end, stopped at a filling station.

Three young men and three girls occupied the car. Mildred Severance glanced at the sign over the postoffice. "Waybrook," she said. "Why that's the impossible place Frank Poole goes every summer—the great menace of my young life I've always managed to avoid."

"It's destiny," decreed Rod Talmadge. "Maybe he's here now."

"Frank and his aunt and a young lady are up there now on the hill," volunteered the elderly attendant. "Some of them are down town every day."

"Town," sneered Sam Kingsley. "Say, how do we get to his place?"

"Right ahead on top of the hill, 'bout half a mile."

"Who's the young lady, Mildred?" whispered Peggy Randall, maliciously.

"Probably that paid companion," said Mildred quietly. "Sometimes he went places with her when the old woman stayed home. I refused to tolerate it and gave him the air."

"Bet you can't make him fall for you again," suggested Rod.

"If I cared to," declared Mildred.

"Why not, and then we might believe you," spurred Molly Joyce. "Any story about any girl throwing down Frank Poole leaves me politely incredulous."

Mildred seemed to consider the idea. Everyone began talking at once as they drove away toward the hill. The trip had not been entirely dry and the prospect of new adventure appealed.

"Bet anything you name that you can't hook him again before midnight," dared Rod, whose efforts to interest Mildred had not been entirely successful.

"I'll decide the stake later," she agreed.

Ruth, alone down stairs, opened the door and was swept aside as the hilarious visitors crowded past her.

"Frank invited us," boomed Kingsley. "Where is he?"

"Oh, it's Fullerton, the companion," said Mildred. "How very nice. Tell Mr. Poole we are here."

"Mr. Poole will be home in an hour or two," Ruth told them evenly. "Perhaps you had better wait on the porch. Mrs. Lord is trying to sleep."

She held the door open a few moments but they scattered through the rooms and paid no attention to her.

"We'll wait here," declared Mildred. "Turn on the radio."

"We don't use it after Mrs. Lord retires," announced Ruth.

For a few minutes they sprawled idly, exchanging the patter of their set, joking about Frank's rural tastes. Rod went to the car and returned with a bottle. "Bring glasses, and ginger ale or something," he ordered.

Ruth went to the dining room and telephoned the neighbor, leaving an urgent message for Frank. Kingsley, Ted Chalmers and Peggy followed and started dancing on the polished floor. Some way the radio started. Then the room was filled with dancers. Someone shoved the table into a corner while others rolled up the rug.

"Please! Please!" begged Ruth "Wait for Mr. Poole. This is Mrs. Lord's home and she is old." The radio shrieked a Broadway blare and dancing couples laughed as they edged her aside.

Mildred and Rod stumbled against the wall and a great pewter plate clanged

from rail to floor. Flying feet kicked it back and forth. Sam and Peggy jostled the cabinet where the blue Davenport dishes reposed in stately dignity. Then they started to roll it aside.

Ruth glanced around helplessly, an unaccustomed anger mounting. Could nothing old or beautiful in life be saved from vandal hands? It was not merely the vision of heedless youth she saw but much of history as well.

The ancient blue porcelain clattered perilously as the cabinet moved jerkily on unused casters. Suddenly Ruth seized Peggy and shoved her away.

"Get out!" she ordered. "Every one of you. Get out at once!"

Peggy shook herself free and turned with her face livid with rage. Sam moved as though to grasp Ruth, then backed away as she turned upon him with one of the great brass andirons swinging in her hand. Before the resolution in her jaw, the flashing eyes and wild, swift courage, they backed slowly toward the center of the room.

Mildred held her ground, even attempted an air of proprietorship. "That will be enough from you," she ordered. "You are merely a servant here and we are your employer's guests."

Mildred advanced a step, her eyes level upon Ruth. Neither showed sign of yielding, but Ruth swung the andiron back as though for instant use.

"Go! Go now!" she commanded, and none could doubt her deadly earnestness. "You can't ruin these fine old things, no matter who you are. You can't bring your roadhouse manners into this home!"

"It's not your home," flared Mildred.

"Aw, come on," counseled Rod, from near the doorway. "She's crazy and somebody'll get hurt. Have Frank fire her later!"

Ruth saw several of the group glance toward the top of the stairs, but she did not dare to look. Then she heard the voice of authority, a tone which Mrs. Lord seldom found need to use.

"What does this mean? Leave this house at once," commanded the old lady as she hastened down the stairs, a house robe across her shoulders.

"Make it snappy. Where do you think you are?" It was the voice of Frank as he shoved his way through the retreating group.

"Why Frank," protested Mildred softly. "You've often invited me."

"That was long ago and I didn't invite a menagerie too," he retorted coldly.

"Have a drink and cool off," invited Rod. Frank shoved him through the door toward the car. The others followed, slowly, insolently, Mildred last. Frank looked calmly through her as she passed him into the night.

"Sorry, Frank," Chalmers called before the door closed. "We really didn't mean to be a bunch of rotters."

Frank thoughtfully looped the door chain as the car circled down the long drive. When he came toward his aunt his face showed both shame and relief.

"It was mostly my fault, Aunt Prudence," he confessed. "They were my friends."

As Tom Shipp Sailed to Success

Leaves from the Log Book of the dynamic career of Thomas Roerty Shipp from the early struggle in Hoosierdom on to the haven where big business is finding new moorings in public relations that hold fast for a material betterment of conditions to all concerned

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WRITING about a friend offers a peculiar exhilaration. There is much you want to record in personal intimacies that cannot be written in a formal way. The real story must be read, "between the lines"—inferred and felt—rather than defined in words. Somehow, I cannot recall the time when I did not know "TRS."

The exact time of a budding friendship is difficult to locate on a calendar or determine with a time clock. Out of the dreams and hopeful visions, to say nothing of the prophecies of youth, achievements and disappointments follow in their natural course, giving the intermingled lights and shadows of a panoramic picture of the activities of a friend in the elapsing years.

Now I am going to turn my spotlight on one who has spent a lifetime doing it for others. In the language of the nominating speech, I refer to Thomas Roerty Shipp, whose name has become an incorporated institution in the capital city of the country and whose work extends the wide world over.

Focusing the biographic camera I find that Tom Shipp was born in the Hoosier State in a town, surname Morris—now on the map as Morristown, Indiana. Forebears crossed the Alleghenies from Virginia into Kentucky and on to Indiana like those of Lincoln. Tom Shipp's grandfather, Thomas Shipp, was a Methodist minister of renown and his father, Joseph V. Shipp, a small town businessman who played the church organ and, incidentally, sold organs. No less a person than James Whitcomb Riley of Greenfield, nine miles away, made a pilgrimage with him to test an organ in an unfinished church. Seated on a carpenter's horse, "Joe" Shipp played the organ while "Jim" Riley drew a long bow over his favorite fiddle. This picture reveals that young Tom Shipp spent his childhood among those who loved music and amid the immediate scenes immortalized by the beloved Riley. Every Hoosier lad is more or less biographed in the Hoosier poet's verse revealing the charm and beauty of childhood!

At an early age, young Shipp was presented with a book of poems which his mother had purchased, written by Jim Riley, the sign painter, under the *nom de plume*, "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone." This remains one of Tom Shipp's price-

less treasures which was later autographed by the poet in the height of his fame.

As a boy he came face to face with Whitcomb Riley in his daily walks in Indianapolis from Lockerbie Street around the square, down town and back again around the circle. A man who loves Riley's poems has a heart. It was Riley, who believed in "the destiny of names," who told him that he had a significant name, "Tom Shipp." He related to young Tom an incident of having in his early barn-storming days appeared on a program in a country town with a little girl named "Silence Dale." She stood on a chair and played the violin. "Somehow," said Riley, "I could not forget the name—'Silence Dale'—and the impression it made upon me. Today, years later, I looked upon a concert poster before a theatre. There it was, 'Silence Dale,' world famed violinist. There is something about your name, Tom, that will make them remember you. For all we have, after all, is our name."

When he discovered that Riley was a

newspaper man he felt the lure of the print shop, for indeed was not he one of the thousands of the characters in the casts of Riley's dramatic lyrics. After attending the Morristown school, he entered Butler College. The Indianapolis News correspondent for the school quit. Hilton U. Brown, the Managing Editor, selected Tom Shipp, a bright, active black-eyed boy, to "send in the College news" with the hope that they might "make an editor out of him"—to use Riley's picture of "Jim."

Young Shipp sent in so much news that his "string" outgrew a modest salary and on graduation he found himself a full fledged reporter. It was a standing joke on the News to tell the young reporter that if he had any spare time he might try to interview Ex-Senator David Turpie. That was equal to giving him the telephone number of an undertaker to inquire as to the health of "Mr. Stiff," for while Senator Turpie existed and was famous, he had retired into seclusion and would not be interviewed.

James P. Hornaday, now Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis News, and then on the city desk, gave young Tom Shipp the Turpie assignment and smiled to himself. Undaunted, Shipp started on his quest. Fortunately, he arrived when the husky, housekeeper bodyguard was away. The Senator, nearly ninety years of age, came down the stairs, shaking with palsy.

"Why did you come in?"

"To interview you," replied the boy with bushy hair.

The old gladiator caught his breath and met the twinkling eye of the lad, armed with a pencil. "Well, strangely, I do happen to have something to say today," he capitulated.

The aged Senator talked fast and furiously while Tom scrawled notes on all the paper and envelopes in his pockets and even tore off the front page of the magazine on the Senator's table. Breathless, he modestly and courteously inquired on leaving, "How's your health, Senator?"

"Long before I was as old as you are, young man," the old war horse admonished, "I learned never to inquire of a valetudinarian as to his health."

That word beginning with "V" was the mystery box to Tom. He didn't know what it meant but on his return to the office he looked it up in Webster's Web.



Thomas Roerty Shipp

On the last thump of the typewriter in the City Room, Hornaday passed by. "What's the name of the book you're writing," he asked, for Jim was a gentle City Ed.

"Senator Turpie's blast on Bryan and free silver, great interview with a valetudinarian," headlined the young reporter as he handed the City Editor a sheaf of "copy."

"Did you actually get the interview?" exclaimed the astounded Hornaday.

"Didn't you send me to get it?" asked Tom, even then revealing a trait of character by which his friends have known him since.

"Great Guns," exclaimed Hornaday. "That's a front page story."

The same reporter some years later was sent to interview Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who welcomed representatives of the *Indianapolis News*, owned by his rival, Senator Fairbanks. The brilliant Beveridge had not been receiving much space in the paper. Tom Shipp wrote an appreciative story, for the young Indiana statesman was the hero of college boys. It appeared prominently and so pleased the brilliant young Senator that he sent for Tom Shipp and asked him if he would go with him to Washington.

"Sure," said Shipp.

Without a knowledge of shorthand, he

became a full orb'd Senatorial secretary. There was no limit to the hours and sight-seeing tours were impossible for Beveridge moved fast and young Shipp caught his pace.

Now comes the appearance in person, as they say in the movies. It was in the Portland Apartments in Washington that I first met Tom Shipp, fresh from Indiana, with a shock of bushy hair, combed to the starboard like Senator Beveridge. Before me was a bundle of energy and enthusiasm who never tired talking about his hero. The Senator then had just delivered a notable speech in the Senate which was widely quoted. Echoes of that address reverberated over the country and gave young Shipp an idea of how good stuff travels. At that moment the Senator entered to look over the proofs of a new speech he had almost finished preparing. He turned to young Shipp, pounding away at the typewriter:

"Tom," he said, "shall I make my Philippine speech this week?"

The young man looked up with his dark eyes glistening and said, "No."

Tom had always been ready with a decision and the speech was not made. The lad's decision was confirmed for he felt that it was better to get the full benefit of the first big success before firing another gun.

These were the staccato Rooseveltian days when everyone wanted to do a little more. Tom Shipp aspired to and did become Clerk of the Senate Committee on Territories, which dignified body he piloted on a special train through the then territories, although he himself had never been west of Chicago.

There was no limit to the area young Shipp covered with his lively young legs in those days. He even wrote a magazine article on his own hook concerning Gifford Pinchot and Forestry, which was offered to "The Reader Magazine" and was accepted by Hewitt Hanson Howland, now editor of the *Century Magazine*. The feature attracted attention because Forestry and Conservation were then becoming topics of national interest, assuming proportions of a Presidential issue.

When President Roosevelt first conceived the idea of a National Conservation Commission, he told Pinchot, whom in his mind he had selected to head the movement, that he must choose as his assistant a man who knew politics and the press. Pinchot turned to the man who had written the fine article on Forestry and offered him an editorship at the Forest Service, which Shipp immediately accepted. There was never much delay in Shipp's decisions.

The position quickly assumed vast responsibilities. Roosevelt called a conference of Governors—the first ever to be held. Shipp conducted the correspondence incident to the big event, since Secretary William Loeb, Jr., secretary to the President, insisted he had enough to do. So Roosevelt turned over the entire responsibility of the correspondence to the active young Shipp.

Shipp virtually moved to the White House. Many a letter which "T. R." signed was prepared by him. As the plan grew, it seemed he was everywhere at once, and at the historic conference, in his silk hat and the then stylish Prince Albert, he was a striking figure. He did about everything, and found time for numerous press releases. "T. R." and "T. R. S." held many conferences. He had entire free hand charge of all expenditures for the conference and among other duties he even bought rubber tips for the White House chairs to anchor them to the polished floors of the East Room for the safety of the portly executives.

A setting was provided to make each one of the visiting executives feel as important as the Chief Executive for the time. Some of them even had dreams that a four-year lease on the White House might be catapulted their way in the political cyclones then blowing, for there was no scarcity of Presidential timber in those days. And besides the Governors, the pick of the country's greatest men were present.

In the great national Conservation movement which followed, Shipp was almost everything. Roosevelt had chosen him as General Secretary of the White House Conference. When the National Conservation Commission was created by the President, Shipp was immediately selected Secretary of that. At different times he ran the Joint Committee between States and Nation and organized the great annual National Conservation Congress all over the United States. It was another of Shipp's ideas which brought Roosevelt to the St. Paul Conservation Congress for one of his first great speeches after he returned from the depths of Africa.

For several years Conservation work continued at high pressure and then came another lull when Shipp, for some reason which he cannot account for, returned to Indiana and made a brisk and successful fight for the Republican nomination for Congress. He had enjoyed his contacts in political life. It was felt that he was a sure-fire successor to Hon. Jesse Overstreet when he received the nomination. Alas and alack! This was the fateful and factional year of 1912 and although he ran one thousand votes ahead of Taft he joined the ranks of the also-rans.

Then again came the oft-recurring proposition of making a living. Up to then, it seemed his work had been just fun. Evans Woollen, President of the Fletcher Savings & Trust Company in Indianapolis, telephoned him. Tom shuddered for he had known of telephone "calls" from the bank before. President Woollen greeted him with a smile. It looked as if a proffered loan was in the offing. "Our Board of Directors have established a Business-getting De-



The private office of Thomas R. Shipp

partment, to secure new accounts. Do you think you could handle it?"

There was the usual quick and affirmative answer. Within an hour Tom Shipp had a battery of stenographers at work writing ads and letters to every one personally mentioned in the newspapers. Parents were congratulated upon the arrival of children and were urged to start savings accounts for the new offspring. Brides and grooms were greeted with a personal letter to file away with the marriage certificate, telling them how wise it was to save. Tom developed a human department in the bank.

All the time, however, in the back of his head, he had the idea that corporations should tell their story to the public and he believed he could help them tell it. The idea, original with him, was almost an obsession—so much of one, at least, that he gave up a good bank job to try out an entirely new idea.

So, returning to Washington, he rented two rooms in the building in which he now occupies a whole floor, bought him a typewriter and some green carpet and launched a real career. And, mind you, this was in the midst of the business depression of 1914. Some nerve!

Charles B. Landis, of the famous Indiana Landis family, whom he chanced to meet, while browsing around on the lookout for "prospects"—for he hadn't a single client—gave Shipp his first lead.

Colonel Buckner, Vice-President of the duPont Powder Company, was furious over an attack made on his company by a certain magazine. The Colonel, militant, wanted to sue for libel and fight in the courts.

"Don't sue. If you have a story, tell it," counselled the cool-headed young man.

"Who will publish it?" inquired the Colonel.

"If it's true and good, that will not be difficult," replied Shipp.

"Well," concluded the Colonel, "Shipp is a familiar family name in my old State of Kentucky and the Shipp's generally get what they go after—fire away!"

Thus, duPont was Shipp's first client.

Then came the World War! In his varied activities and having served as a member of the National Republican Congressional Committee, Shipp had come into contact with people and newspapers all over the United States.

There were many organizations paging Tom Shipp during those days when public relations was a matter of deep concern to Uncle Sam as well as other nations. It is a matter of record that Shipp did more war publicity work than any other one individual in the country—more than any organization outside the government—and the files of his office prove it.

Serbia, the scene of the very incident which precipitated the world war, was cut off from all supplies and her representatives came to this country to make an appeal for help. Shipp received a hurry-up call from New York. Arriving there, he began a work that can never be forgotten and set a new pace, conducting the first war relief publicity campaign—even before the Belgian relief movement.

In his office there is a decoration bestowed on him by King Alexander of Yugoslavia, and a citation expressing appreciation of his service and Mr. Thomas R. Shipp can wear a well earned and well merited reward at diplomatic receptions—but he doesn't.

* * *

In quick succession followed his work for the American Red Cross—that is a volume in itself—Libraries for Soldiers; War Savings, Liberty Loan; Y.M.C.A.; United War Work Campaign; "Smileage" Campaign; Salvation Army Drive; First Officers Training Camp for Business Men, at Plattsburg, New York. In this wide range of experiences, Tom Shipp had developed from a light armoured cruiser into a veritable flying squadron.

At a meeting of the chosen, though not yet officially appointed Red Cross War Council held at Washington, Mr. Eliot Wadsworth called Mr. Shipp to attend a dinner. One of the guests was the late H. P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Company, soon to leave for his great work in France. Mr. Davison submitted a letter which the council was to request President Wilson to sign, appointing them and initiating the great drive.

The letter was read. Mr. Davison asked Shipp what he thought of it.

"The last paragraph is okay but the first part could be improved," said Shipp.

Each one present was required to prepare a draft that might be suitable. Tom Shipp went downstairs at once and prepared a draft of a letter. Others sent theirs in the following morning but the letter which was signed intact by the President of the United States was that framed by Shipp in the inspiration of the moment.

Called to New York by the late George W. Perkins, also of J. P. Morgan & Company, who headed the Y.M.C.A. drives, he was met with the question:

"What is the matter with our publicity?"

"Don't know," said Shipp.

"Why don't you?" snapped the Morgan partner.

"I've only just arrived in town."

"Will you take the responsibility at once?"

"I will after three P.M. today."

"Why the delay?"

"It's now too late for the afternoon papers. I will organize for tomorrow morning's papers."

"There is not time in which to reorganize," said Perkins.

"There are twelve hours," said Shipp.

In that time, Shipp interviewed in person every city editor and managing editor in New York City and the morning papers blossomed with good front page news for the "Y." But Shipp knew no sleep until nearly daylight, after they had put the morning papers to bed.

The newspapers, neatly folded, lay on Mr. Perkins's desk in the morning. Among them were even foreign language publications with impressive paragraphs marked in blue pencil. Leaning back in his chair, Mr. Perkins put on his glasses and looked over the evidence of Tom Shipp's night of work with a glow of enthusiasm.

"You'll do," he said simply, which was high praise from the House of Morgan.

But there was one thing that even Perkins, of Morgan & Company, could not do. His boy was "somewhere in France," and the boy's mother, like millions of other mothers, was worried over lack of word from him.

One night, after a late conference had come to an end, the partner of Morgan asked Shipp to tarry after the others had gone.

"Tom," said he, "It's asking a lot, but do you suppose you could possibly find out where my boy is? His mother wants to know."

Here was the spectacle of one heading a great War movement with thoughts continuous concerning the son "somewhere in France."

Two hours after arriving in Washington, Tom Shipp had the definite information. The son was located, with the heartening information that all was well. A great load was lifted from the heart of the father, immersed with War Work, and the mother at home.

It was Mr. Perkins who suggested employing an able young man named Roy Durstine to handle the advertising for the United War Work Campaign. Bruce Barton had been in it from the start. The three worked together during these strenuous times.

After the War, came the proposed organization of the "Barton, Shipp and Durstine Advertising Agency." Owing to the fatal illness of his mother, Mr. Shipp elected to return to Washington to continue in his chosen work and thus his name was omitted from a now famous firm.

Now, I find Tom Shipp working at the same fine old desk on which he began. He is superstitious about it. Under the glass top is the portrait of his mother, "loved long since and lost awhile." She remains the same constant inspiration as in early days. He had often heard her relate an incident told to her by her grandmother Roerty of the time when, as a little girl, she stood and saw Lord Cornwallis's soldiers cross the Rapidan River. About her father's inn were old men of the village unable to bear arms in the Revolution, whose activities in turn, reached back to the time when George Washington made his first military campaign with Braddock in the French and Indian War.

That event in that long span of history, covering the life of the Republic, was related to Tom Shipp by his mother who had heard first hand from her grandmother, an eye witness, a story reaching back one hundred and fifty years.

From Senators and others vitally interested, I have been told privately that Thomas R. Shipp had much to do with the success of the campaign that prevented the United States from entering into the League of Nations. He organized and conducted its publicity. One day the opposing Senators held a meeting at the office of Senator Knox. Senator Lodge arrived and with some emphasis announced, "I have at last seen a copy of the Covenant of the League of Nations." Although Chairman of the

Continued on page 363

"Laws That Safeguard Society"

Handsome New Volume by Dean Gleason L. Archer of Suffolk Law School, Boston, comprising the first thirty-six of his series of Talks over the National Broadcasting Company's Nation-Wide Hookup

By WILL H. CHAPPLE

THE world-wide distribution of Dean Archer's book, "Laws that Safeguard Society," marks a real epoch in book publishing of radio programs. This event is also most tangible proof of the author's high standing as an authority on his subject; his attainments as a public speaker and his unusual ability to popularize by broadcasting in a refreshing manner what has always seemed to the general public an intricate and uninteresting subject. The National Broadcasting Company for whom Dean Archer is a guest speaker in this unusual series deserves the highest praise for the genuine public service thus rendered.

The book contains his first thirty-six addresses in the series, augmented by the interesting account of how they came to be given, and embellished with a gallery of half-tone illustrations that picture seven of the notable announcers whose voices are heard by millions daily, as well as more than a score of radio officials throughout the country.

Dean Archer succeeded in infusing into his messages over the air a pleasing personality and sincere heart-interest that found a quick and enthusiastic response.

The thousands of letters that came from the "listeners-in" on a nation-wide hookup was immediate evidence of their hearty satisfaction.

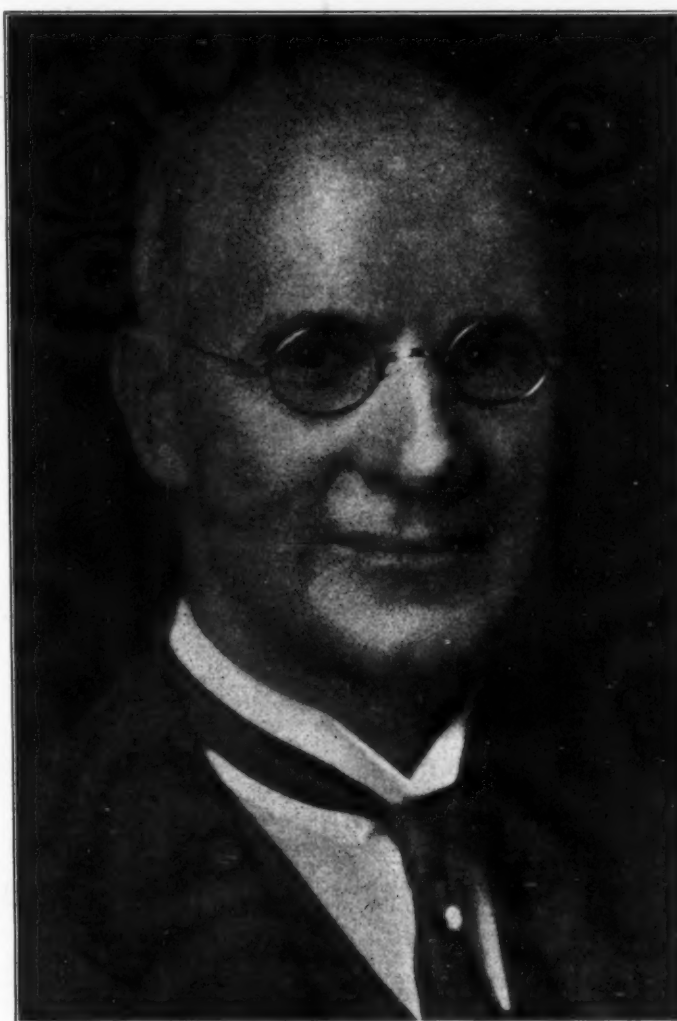
Dean Archer is a stalwart figure, six feet two, and he always stands as he delivers his addresses. He has a happy faculty of introducing personal, homey intimations that give his hearers a quick picture of himself. His easy manner of delivery and the well-modulated, distinct tones complete his unusual qualifications for the giving of radio lectures. This is all over and above the great value and interest contained in the subject matter itself, which is never lost sight of, but carried over in such a manner as to leave with his hearers unforgettable facts and pleasing impressions.

His mention of the fact on one occasion that his father was listening-in to hear his voice for the first time over the radio that night was a little touch of heart interest that brought hundreds of letters to him, full of friendly congratulations and comment. Read this and you will know why Dean Archer strikes the heart-chord of humanity:

"My friends, in the remaining moments of this broadcast I know you will bear with me if I send a message across the distance of the winter night to a little farmhouse in the tiny settlement of Great Pond, in the north woods of Hancock County, Maine. That farmhouse was my boyhood home. In that house still lives my aged father, John S. Archer, now almost eighty years of age.

Tonight, for the first time, he is listening in! Dad, I am speaking to you from New York City, nearly six hundred miles from the old home. But when the snows melt and spring comes and the roads are set-

my greeting to him, may I not feel that, symbolically at least, in your behalf I am paying your tribute to your parents also? The hope of the world is indeed in the home. The wise parent is the wise



Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.
Dean of Suffolk Law School

tled, I shall make a personal appearance at your fireside. You have lived a long and worthy life. Your four living children and your seventeen grandchildren, speaking through me, wish you many additional years of peace and quiet in the home that you love. Good-night to you and God bless you.

"And to you, my radio friends, this father of mine may be typical of all the worthy parents in America. In voicing

lawgiver. The obedient child is the law-abiding citizen of future days."

Shortly after this tender tribute to his father, Dean Archer received the sad news of his death, of which he spoke as follows:

"Before beginning my talk, there is something that I should say to those listeners who have recently manifested so much interest in my aged father. Call it coincidence if you will, a bit of soul

telepathy or however you may explain it, yet the message that you heard me deliver to my father over the radio on March 21st that brought such joy to his soul, was the last message he was destined to hear from my lips. I remarked at the time that he had never been able to hear me before and that some miracle had happened to his radio set. Two successive weeks only did it pick up my voice and on that second week I spoke to him, never dreaming that it was my personal farewell message and also the benediction of his family. One week ago tonight (April 25th, 1931) my father passed from this earth by that mysterious and painless visitation known as a stroke

decided the question regarding its publication, and before the manuscripts were in type the quantity decided upon for this first edition had to be trebled.

There is nothing more absorbingly interesting in literature than the straight narrative in a direct, personal manner of successions of events that led to the consummation of accomplishments far beyond those at first contemplated, and Dean Archer in his chapter on "How the Talks Came to be Given" has made this most intriguing.

After some months of the original law broadcasts over WBZ, Boston, Mr. John L. Clark, the Director of Programs at that station, decided that Dean Archer ought to have a national audience. The matter was

into two branches—a House and a Senate. This unseemly squabble over a slaughtered pig had thus given rise to that well-known feature of our National and State Governments, of today. It chanced also that on the following night, being wakeful, I sat up in bed and wrote out the story in the form of a broadcast. This broadcast I had taken with me to New York. Thus unwittingly I had come armed with just the ammunition needed in a certain critical moment.

"That moment came when Mr. Elwood declared that he could not see how the early history of Boston could be of interest to anyone except the people of New England. This being my greatest argument, should that fail, my mission was indeed hopeless. Whereupon I brought in the 'Widow's Pig' as an illustration of my contention. I started to read the proposed broadcast.

"Instantly I was aware that I had captured Mr. Elwood's attention. Before I was half through, I heard a delighted chuckle from his direction. When I had finished, both Mr. Elwood and Mr. Carlin were beaming with delight.

"Dean Archer, do you know any more such interesting yarns as that?"

"Plenty of them," I replied.

"Will you come to New York once a week and broadcast them to the school children of America? You may follow Dr. Damrosch when he gets through with his series. He has a chain of about forty stations. Five million school children are listening in."

"Mr. Elwood was evidently a man of swift decisions. This amazing proposal came with such startling suddenness that it almost took my breath away. But without blinking an eyelid, I accepted his offer.

"Mr. Elwood and Mr. Carlin then began to figure how they could give my committee the nation-wide publicity that I had requested. When we emerged from the conference in Mr. Elwood's office I was in something of the situation that Longfellow poetically imputed to John Alden. Having come to ask favors for the Boston Tercentenary, I had won a great prize for myself. But unlike John Alden of the Longfellow myth, I had also won all that I had sought for the Tercentenary."

* * *

"While this second series was in progress, I suggested to the National Broadcasting Company that if they had had a change of heart about the matter of law broadcasts, I would be willing to fill in for them if they had no program ready to follow the series. I would come to New York on Tuesday evenings, beginning July 15th, and try the matter out on a coast-to-coast audience.

"To this suggestion they graciously replied that I might have the Tuesday assignment during July and August, provided the response from the radio audience was favorable.

"So now you have had the detailed story of how these talks, 'Laws that Safeguard Society,' came to be given."



Photo by Backrach

The Archer Family

Allan F. Archer, Harvard '31 Marian Glenn Archer, Colby '33
Gleason L. Archer, Jr., Boston Latin School '34
Mrs. Archer (Elizabeth Glenn Archer) Dean Gleason L. Archer

of paralysis. I have just returned from Eastern Maine from his funeral. Twenty-five years ago my father and mother were separated by death. They are now reunited. So I am not bringing to you a message of gloom and sorrow tonight, but merely reading to you from the last chapter of a humble but triumphant life. I can never be thankful enough that I sent that radio message that brought him the last great thrill of his earthly life."

But more about the book! It consists of 382 pages, large, well-spaced, readable type, and a six-by-nine page.*

* * *

The Dean had been importuned by so many to issue his lectures in book form that he put the question to the radio listeners in general, and the response was unmistakable. Not only every state in the Union, but from Bermuda, England, and Scotland, where they heard his lectures on short wave, came subscriptions for the book. The first few days

taken up with the National Broadcasting Company, but after serious deliberation, the proposition was turned down.

Shortly after, as Vice-Chairman of the General Committee of the Boston Tercentenary Celebration of 1930, Dean Archer drew up a plan for a series of nation-wide historical broadcasts which he hoped to persuade the broadcasting company to adopt. As it entailed a great expenditure on the part of the broadcasting company, the plan seemed impossible to the committee, but Dean Archer decided to go to New York and talk it over with officials of the National Broadcasting Company. Just to show the denouement in the situation at that time the last few paragraphs are quoted herewith from the Dean's first chapter:

"Some days before, I had made a survey of dramatic incidents of early days in Boston. Among those selected was the truly interesting yarn of the widow's pig, over whose slaughter and the controversy arising therefrom the Massachusetts legislature became separated

* Suffolk Law School Press, Boston, (\$2.25 Postpaid.)

In these days, where there is more or less of a personal superiority complex assumed by well-trained experts in their addresses to the masses of less-informed, it is certainly most refreshing to hear from the lips of Dean Archer in the course of his first broadcast on the subject, and now in his book, this leveling bit of neighborliness:

"So now, ladies and gentlemen, we start off this series of talks with a paradox, namely, that you are presumed to know all these things that I am about to tell you."

In this first broadcast he gets into his subject that clarity of expression and sincerity of purpose that have characterized his utterances and writings from the very beginning of his most remarkable career:

"Criminal law is that branch of jurisprudence designed to protect the general public from the wrongful acts of vicious, depraved, or selfish individuals. It classifies criminal acts and criminals. It provides punishment for crimes.

"We speak of protecting the general public. Now what do we mean by that? Simply that every dweller in a civilized community is entitled to equal protection of the laws, and that a wrongful act against one person in such a community is a potential wrong against every other person in that community. If it can be done with impunity to one, it can be done with impunity to all, and the law fails as to all.

"Since the law must operate impartially, it follows that to murder the greatest scoundrel in the community is as truly a crime as though the victim had been one of the most influential citizens in that community.

"A few months ago, in Chicago, one gang of criminals herded another gang, equally vicious, into a garage and massacred them with machine guns. More recently, in Boston, a notorious racketeer was murdered in cold blood by another racketeer. These things are going on all over the country—dangerous criminals slaughtering each other.

"I can understand why honest folk feel like saying 'Praises be! The more these crooks turn their guns on each other, the better we like it.' But, after all, murder is murder. The welfare of the public demands that all murderers be punished, in order that security of human life may be maintained.

"So it is with other crimes. To punish highway robbery is to protect the lives and property of all citizens. To punish burglary, or theft in whatever form, is to render more secure the personal property of every individual of the community.

"Now let us not deceive ourselves into thinking that mankind has become so virtuous and so civilized that our criminal laws are unnecessary. We have but to recall the Boston Police Strike of 1919 to realize that to relax the strong arm of the law, even for a few hours, and to advertise the fact in advance as it was then advertised by stories in the newspapers, is merely an invitation to the criminal element of the community to rise up and possess the land, to loot

stores, to wreck buildings and to indulge in a mad carnival of crime.

"The law of crimes, therefore, may rightly be regarded as that branch of law that renders possible the security of homes and the quiet enjoyment of lawfully acquired property. It is more than that—it is the basis of civilization itself, for without penal laws, and the enforce-

pursue our daily duties, in peace and tranquility. Criminals fear the government and that fear is a mighty force to restrain their criminal activities."

His mention at another time of his summer house on a little farm which he plants and cares for with his own hands (a characteristic recreation) has given his radio friends a picture of this secluded spot in the wilds in



John L. Clark, Program Manager WBZ-WBZA

One of the ablest executives in Radio. A man of vision and of uncanny ability in detecting radio talent. He "discovered" Dean Archer as a radio speaker and later introduced him to the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Clark likewise discovered six other radio celebrities who have been called to New York to join NBC's great staff of announcers and talent. John S. Young, Howard Petrie, William Lundell and John W. Holbrook, announcers; Vella Reeve and Kenneth McGregor in the production department of NBC are all proteges of Mr. Clark.

ment thereof, humanity would still grovel in that barbarous age when every man was a law unto himself; when he could take the life of another; could steal his property; could rape the wife or the daughter; or commit any nameless offense against the family of one weaker than himself.

"But organized society, its voice speaking in the criminal laws of the land, has taken over the matter. It has substituted orderly punishment in the name of all for private vengeance by a single individual. This is why we are able to

the midst of the land of the Pilgrims, about whom he has written more entertainingly and entrancingly than almost any other writer. This also pictured for his hearers the trout pool which he stocks, tends and fishes on this farm, in the manner of an artist, and lucky are the friends who are chosen to accompany him on some of his trout-taking expeditions. Every few days the Dean drives to this retreat in the woods. It is a never-ending source for apt allusions and constantly conducive to fanciful expression of fact.

In his home-like intimate remarks he has

acquainted us with all of the members of his truly remarkable family, making ready examples of them to illustrate points in the subject from which he never strays—"Laws that Safeguard Society." Neighborly touches of this nature, personal and friendly, caught the heart-interest of his listeners in the man who could so readily elucidate the fine points of a hard subject.

In his talk on "Criminal Liability of Children," which is Chapter X in his book, there is exquisite expression but sound expounding

"To be sure, unmarried and childless philosophers tell us that it is a mistake to restrain a child from its natural desires and inclinations or to punish it, lest we give it inhibitions and other characteristics that the Freudian disciples delight to discover.

"But a small child who possesses spirit or ambition, unless wisely trained, may well be a menace to itself and others. 'Express yourself Willie,' is a dangerous doctrine.

Chivalry, tender feelings, reasoning power, all absent!

"I built a fence across the nursery and those two young belligerents would meet at the fence and belabor each other with toy locomotives and automobiles or whatever was at hand. So their mother and I were driven, against our inclinations, to the old-fashioned remedy of a sound spanking. That was the only argument that appealed to the warlike spirits of our children; but it worked wonders. An occasional spanking transformed them into self-controlled children. It cured them of their natural inclinations to trespass and mutual assault.

"It headed them in the right direction, so that when they passed the statutory age of seven, when intelligence and reasoning faculties come into play, they became model children, companions and guides for their younger brother.

"They are each now in college, never having given their parents a day of worry or heartache. So I say to parents, if you wish to raise children with old-fashioned virtues, you may have to use old-fashioned methods while they are in the barbarous age of early childhood. Force wisely administered inculcates respect for law and order.

"I believe if you will look into the childhood of the thugs and desperadoes who are now finding 'self expression' with lethal weapons and violence, you will find that they received no proper correction in early childhood (brutal beatings in anger perhaps or no punishment at all) and no effective moral instruction thereafter. True parental love should, therefore, look to the future of one's children and teach them self-control and respect for the rights of others, for herein I believe lie the germs of good citizenship.

"Good citizenship, it seems to me, originates in the home. Every parent, I believe, is under a sacred duty, not only to the child itself but to society in general, to train that child into respect for the rights of others and to become a law-abiding individual.

"If that child fails to respond to loving admonition, if it refuses to obey oft-repeated commands, it is obvious that something more is necessary. An old-fashioned spanking, calmly and judiciously applied, is the only argument that some children can fully and completely understand. Respect for law and order comes to them, not through their undeveloped brains, but through wisely administered correction.

"Now I realize this is very old-fashioned doctrine. It is directly contrary to the modern theory of letting a child bring itself up in any way that it sees fit.

"But let us see how the modern theory works out in actual practice. For a third of a century parents and teachers have been admonished to lay aside the slipper and the birch switch, thus to rear a race of angels. It is a beautiful theory, but it does not work—as witness the lawless spirit it has unleashed among the young people of the land.



At the Microphone

Milton J. Cross and Dean Archer, taken in the new speakers' studio in the N.B.C. Building at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City in March, 1931

of the necessity of safeguarding laws even in the household of fond parents:

"All human beings begin in the cradle. The future of this nation, and of all nations, hinges upon how children are reared from the cradle to adult life. To this phase of our topic I shall devote particular attention.

"Under the age of seven years, as I have indicated, the care and discipline of the child is thus left entirely to parental authority. But right here I believe is the origin of our chief woes as a nation—the average parent is neglecting a most sacred duty—the duty to train the child so that it may become a law abiding and worthwhile citizen.

"My oldest son, Allan, for example, was a model of deportment so long as he was the only child in the house. But when he was four years old his sister, Marian, became large enough to discard her own toys and to meddle with his possessions. Then war and ructions broke loose. He would crown her, not with glory and honor, but with anything he could lay his hands on. She was a glutton for punishment and sooner or later possessed herself of whatever toy of his she wanted and took the consequences.

"Here was a problem and a serious one—as everyone knows who has ever tried to reason with a very small boy.

"Every healthy child loves to be the dictator of the home or of the schoolroom and will become such if it is permitted. I often think of an incident that occurred in Durham, Maine, in the spring of 1902, as an illustration of the psychology of childhood.

"It occurred in a country school—one of those ungraded district schools in which children of all ages occupy the same school room. To that school came a more or less charming young lady as teacher. She had just graduated from college. She was overflowing with enthusiasm for the new doctrine of ruling children by love. She was resolved to turn that schoolroom into a little heaven on earth occupied by angels. So, on the opening morning, she announced that there would be no whippings or corporal punishments during her regime—that she was going to rule by love. Did the children respond to this treatment? Yes, indeed, just as the public would if the police and the courts were to make a similar announcement.

"The big boys and girls talked to each other across the aisles. Missiles were thrown about the schoolroom. Murmurs grew into noise and the angelic children had a perfectly lovely time. Chaos and confusion reigned in that schoolroom until at the end of two weeks the scandalized town fathers discharged the teacher and closed the school. I was then about to graduate from high school in a nearby town. I had already taught one term of school and needed to earn money for college, so I applied for the position as teacher in that rowdy district. The school had then been closed for two weeks.

"I think the school committee were more impressed by my six feet two inches of brawn and muscle than by my intellectual attainments, but they installed me as teacher and requested as a special favor that I would begin by 'licking the tar' out of all the big boys.

"On opening morning I announced that I should not rule by love, but by old-fashioned methods. I told the children that the school committee had instructed me to thrash every last one of them, but that I should not start until somebody misbehaved.

"The anticipatory smiles faded from every impish countenance. They had decided that I meant business. Everybody went to work. I never had to punish a single child during that term of school!

"No better behaved or more studious group of children could be desired than they. In fact, before long I had formed an evening class in Latin for the older children and the very rowdies who had put the former teacher out of the school were the most enthusiastic Latin students of all. Some of them later went to high school and college.

"Do I need to point a moral or to show how the relaxing of the strong arm of the law in grown-up society operates exactly as did the rule of love in the Durham school of twenty-eight years ago—how it invokes anarchy and license—or need I call attention to the marvelous trans-

formation wrought by the return to law and order in that country school and to the blessings that resulted therefrom?

"Perhaps this parable from real life has a lesson for us in these days when we are being urged to *cease enforcing certain laws so that people will not be tempted to violate them*. The removal of the fear of punishment made every youngster in the Durham School a law breaker. The return of certainty of punishment made every child law abiding. It infinitely benefited every child in the school. It made them study. It protected them from themselves.

"Strict, absolute and impartial enforcement of the law against lawbreakers, whether rich or poor, with favors for none, would, I believe, infinitely benefit society, and do much to cure the crime wave that now threatens organized society in America.

"The Pilgrims and Puritans founded this nation. We are now (1930) celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of their landing in Boston. But those worthies believed in law and order and discipline. They disciplined their children and they disciplined their adults. Why, they even made them go to church. Far be it from me to ask for a return to their blue laws and the like. But if in this tercentenary year we were to enforce the laws that we now have as zealously and faithfully as did our forefathers, we would, I believe, usher in a rebirth of Democracy as it was originally established in America."

These copious excerpts are but an inadequate indication of the succinct manner in which this notable educator has aroused a nation-wide interest in the subject.

Most of us can recall, if we are old enough, the memories, perhaps, of some wonderful teacher who combined with his instruction interesting incidents of history and contemporaneous events which he applied to the subject under consideration, making it of lasting importance in building up a better understanding and a thirst for further, follow-up investigation.

Through his series of talks and now in his book, Dean Archer has accomplished this purpose, and one need look no farther for the reasons for his marvelous development of the Suffolk Law School and his constantly expanding career as public speaker and author. His contact has been direct; his equipment has been complete.

No one could prepare and make so instructively interesting these talks on the radio except one who has had the rich experience of childhood in the rural back woods, the physical development of hard work on the farm, and the determining mental development coming from surmounting innumerable obstacles in the acquisition of an education.

Let me emphasize again the fine heart-interest that runs through the entire volume, as staunch as the stout linen threads the binder has used to convey this book of the law to the general public.

I must confess that from the first I began looking for the heart-interest and friendliness in all of Dean Archer's talks and was successful in getting it in its true form and in full measure from every one of his fifteen

minutes before the microphone. I daresay it is this same feeling that was caught by the people all over the land, and to Dean Archer they sent their glowing letters of thanks for the great benefit derived.

Because of his widely popular talks on law, Dean Archer is also the target for letters from radio fans seeking legal advice. The Dean declares that one of the most remarkable that he has received came from a lady in northern Maine, who wrote that her husband had been in an insane asylum for five years; that she was planning to be married again the following week, but somebody had suggested that she could not marry without a divorce. She therefore implored Dean Archer to let her know immediately, because she did not wish to make a mistake. It was his sad duty to give the lady the appalling information that she could not marry without a divorce and that under the laws of Maine she could not get a divorce because of insanity. Up to date he has heard nothing from the disappointed lady and is wondering if she took his advice.

Another lady in Ontario, Canada, wrote a very urgent letter asking for legal advice on a domestic problem and urged that Dean Archer discuss that special phase of law in his broadcasts scheduled for the day after her letter arrived, in order that she might not have to wait for a reply. Can you imagine that?

One of the most amazing things about the upbuilding of his Suffolk Law School is that Dean Archer has found time to write almost a score of books of great popular appeal fourteen on law and five on historical subjects. He has also become the recognized champion of the evening and part-time law schools of the nation. His spectacular and effective efforts in the American Bar Association for the past few years to secure the ousting of a clique of University Law School professors who were using the National Bar Association to fight the evening schools, is well known in legal circles.

So now at fifty years of age we have Dean Gleason L. Archer emerging as a headliner in the National Broadcasting Company's galaxy of talent. That he bulks large in this new field of "educational spellbinding" is admitted by all who have listened in. This is bound to be true of one who can transmute the dry and technical topic of law into a gripping and dynamic presentation that holds not only judge and lawyers, but old and young as well. Whole families are listening in, for Dean Archer has no dull moments. A pithy statement of law is flashed across to his audience, followed by dramatic illustrations of the principle, like a series of fascinating short stories.

But the practical value of these talks to people from Seattle, Wash., to Eastport, Me., is being demonstrated every week. One of the most remarkable illustrations of this fact followed Dean Archer's discourse on November 4, 1930. His topic that evening was "Consent of the Injured Party as Defense to a Criminal Prosecution." Among the listeners that night was an insurance agent in Stamford, Conn., who had just been convicted of embezzlement. The agent was the victim of circumstances. A loose office custom, acquiesced in by his employers, of giving credit to customers and paying premiums out of other receipts had grown to such

proportions that, in checking the custom, the company had seized upon him as the scapegoat. He had been convicted and his lawyer could give him no encouragement. But in Dean Archer's talk he saw a great ray of hope. He sent to the speaker for a copy of the talk, explaining his predicament. Dean Archer sent him a copy of the script. The convicted man discharged his lawyer, appealed his case to the Superior Court and tried it himself, with the amazing result that he was acquitted by the jury in December, 1930. The grateful defendant wrote Dean Archer a two-page letter of thanks and sent him newspaper clippings relating in detail the story of the trial.

The fan-mail that comes to Dean Archer reflects in striking manner the universal response to his messages. The following extract from a letter received January 2, 1931, is very significant:

"As a member of the Philadelphia Bar for forty-eight years I want to tell you I have never in all my experience heard more lucid, helpful and at the same time entertaining lectures on legal topics than you have been giving over the radio. I sincerely hope you will continue them. The laity, to say nothing of the profession, need just such plain common-sense law. We have too many barnacles on our legal procedure."

A letter from a lady in New York State brings the following:

"You have as a regular listener to your radio talks a little girl, my grand niece, eleven years old. Early in your broadcasting she was in my apartment while you were talking and ever after she has been on time, afraid to lose a word."

An editor writes of him:

"A nation listens to a man."

"Once a week a great chain of broadcasting stations, the NBC, mutes the horns of its saxophones and the round, golden voices of negro performers, to allow a clear, precise New England voice to send a message of law obedience over the lonesome spire of the Chrysler Building, across green eastern mountain ranges, through parched grain fields and along the brazen sands of Death Valley . . . down to the very edge of the Golden Gate. . . .

"Always the teacher. Using his tricks of trade on the most colossal classroom ever enrolled. Yet he has been more influential in fostering respect for law than legions of police. If you are sceptical, look through some of his fan mail, and read the illustrious legal names."

Another editor writes:

"Dean Archer has certainly hit the

target and rung the bell on a popular phase of legal education directed with the skill of a champion Archer."

The superintendent of the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Church, who has wide contacts with rural communities, writes under date of December 26, 1930:

"In clarity of thought, simplicity of language and sense of ethical justice, your lectures excel anything of this kind being done over the radio as far as I know. Moreover, I believe that by this process of education the people in general, by a better understanding of the process of the law and its history, will become better citizens, and to this end I believe you are making a great contribution."

It may be of interest to the listeners-in to know that since last October Dean Archer has written the first volume of a projected series of histories of Colonial New England for the Century Company. He is a tireless worker and even the day and evening that he spends in New York City each week are filled with conferences or with literary work in his hotel room. He leaves his hotel at 6:45 on Saturday evening and takes a brisk walk to the NBC studio building on Fifth Avenue, arriving in good season for his broadcast. He puts a great deal of energy into his broadcasting and walks back to his hotel to write until time to take the midnight train back to Boston.

Dean Archer always spends his summers on his fifty-five-acre farm in Norwell, Mass., keeping bees and raising fruit and vegetables. He is an expert gardener. He prunes and cares for his orchards. On this farm, in a lovely tract of woodland, is where he built the log cabin beside a wonderful boiling spring, the source of a never-failing brook. The trout pond he constructed is a few rods below the spring, and this he stocks every spring with eight-inch trout that grow sleek and handsome during the summer—those that he and his family and friends do not catch for the table. More than one United States Senator has caught trout out of this unique woodland pond and sampled Dean Archer's cooking of which he is still a past master, an art he learned during the progressive stages of his give-and-take educational development.

Although he has a splendid old Colonial homestead where his family live in the summer, yet the log cabin is Dean Archer's favorite literary workshop. Here he plans books and broadcasts and does a good bit of writing. But his chief workshop is in Boston. On the roof of the Suffolk Law School building he has a splendid library and living quarters where he labors early and late.

Not infrequently when a book is in progress Dean Archer will begin writing at 4 A. M., and accomplish a fair day's work before the executive offices of the school open at 9 A. M.

He has been remarkably fortunate in selecting his official family. His secretary, Miss Catharine Caraher, has been with him for twelve years and is so familiar with school policies and routine that in emergencies she can assume full charge of the executive department. More than once such emergencies have arisen, as, for example, when Dean Archer was stricken with appendicitis three years ago and pneumonia followed the operation.

His brother, Hiram J. Archer, is director of the department that prepares tests and examinations, and corrects student papers. Thirty-three law professors comprise the teaching staff.

Dean Archer was especially fortunate in his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Glenn Snyder, a college classmate, in October, 1906. They have three children, Allan Frost Archer, now a senior in Harvard College, Marian Glenn Archer, a sophomore at Colby College in Waterville, Me., and Gleason L. Archer, Jr., who is making a star record at the Boston Latin School. Mrs. Archer is a talented singer and a gifted public speaker. She has recently published her first volume of poems, entitled "Poems on Nature and Human Nature."

Pilgrim and Puritan ancestry may be responsible for Dean Archer's abstemious manner of life. He does not use intoxicants nor tobacco in any form. He has never learned to dance nor to play cards. He does not care for social activities and seldom goes to the theatre. But he does manage to get a great deal of enjoyment out of life. He is a fisherman of prowess as all who are fortunate enough to visit his private library in Boston are at once aware, for one of the most striking decorations of this spacious room is a magnificent six-and-a-half foot sailfish which he captured while fishing the Gulf Stream off Miami, Florida, in January, 1929.

Motoring, farming, writing books, running a great law school, with nineteen hundred students, and talking to millions over the radio, is Dean Archer's recipe for a happy and useful life.

This latest book, "Laws that Safeguard Society," the first of a series we predict, will do as much to clarify the people's conception of law as did Blackstone in the earlier days—but Blackstone's work was only a matter of helpfulness for the chosen few in the business of prosecution or defense. Dean Archer has spoken and written to the millions who live in daily contact with "Laws that Safeguard Society."

How a Women Won a "Winged Victory"

Continued from page 345

"I'm glad you saw them in your people's home," was all she said, but she pressed his arm lightly and inclined her head toward Ruth who stood leaning against the great mantle.

without looking up. I never acted that way
Ruth felt his arm around her shoulder.
"It was the blue dishes," she explained

before, but they don't understand what is fine and beautiful."

"Ruth," he said, a strange joy in his tone. "I do—now. She said this wasn't your home, I hope it will be."

She searched his eyes, almost in doubt, but found even more than she hoped. "Do you know what I thought of when I came in and saw you swaying there with that

big firedog in your hand," he said. "You seemed just like your old friend, the Winged Victory. Now I'll have to take you over to Paris—to Greece—"

He was holding her close and she did not answer for a moment. "No," she said at last. "Not for a while anyway. I don't need to know any more. Everything in life is here."

High School Students "Seeing Washington"

General Bartlett of the New Hampshire Society entertaining four hundred high school boys and girls while "Seeing Washington" and reviewing their history in the center of national activities

ENTERTAINING the children from the Home State has been one of the great delights of former Governor John H. Bartlett of New Hampshire during his official residence in Washington. In one month over fifteen high school parties visited Washington from New Hampshire, and were given one merry round of entertainment by the New Hampshire Association and Governor Bartlett. The climax was reached when an "April Showers" Spring party was given in honor of the four hundred future voters from the Granite State in the city named for George Washington, at the beautiful ballroom of the Meridian Mansions. This is a section in the heart of the Embassy section of Washington, where the foreign legations and embassies are located. The ballroom, adorned with shrubs and spring flowers was an appropriate decoration where four hundred happy faces beamed in the spirit of youth. A concert was given by the Boys' Band of the Washington Lodge of Elks, followed by a vaudeville show and grand ball, with refreshments.

The happiest lad of them all seemed to be Governor John Bartlett, Chairman of the International Joint Commission. Many distinguished New Hampshire residents of Washington were included in the list of patrons and patronesses and in the receiving line were Hon. and Mrs. John H. Bartlett, Senator and Mrs. Henry W. Keyes, Congressman and Mrs. Fletcher Hale, Chief Justice of the District Supreme Court and Mrs. Alfred A. Wheat and War Arbitor James Remick, former Chief Justice of the New Hampshire Supreme Court and Mrs. Remick. Former Governor Bartlett is beloved by the residents of the Granite State for his civic service and as First Assistant

Postmaster General under Presidents Harding and Coolidge has given him a wide acquaintance throughout the country and he is greatly beloved by the federal worker in every state and territory in the Union. Governor Bartlett is now chairman of the International Joint Commission, a commission made up of six members, three from Canada and three from the United States. They pass on disputes of international importance and since he was appointed, two years ago, have made progress in several important matters.

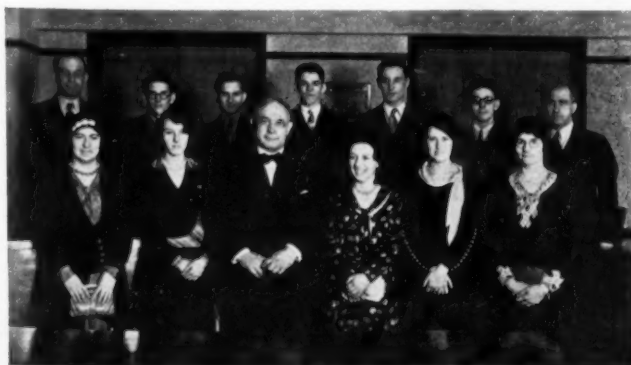
It is interesting to note that the New Hampshire Association is one of the oldest of the State societies in Washington. Organized over thirty years ago it held meetings monthly, but never entertained outside its own membership. About eight years ago Governor Bartlett was elected president and things began to "hum" and the Granite State woke up to the fact that it had a live organization at the National Capitol.

The meeting place was changed to the Meridian Mansions and the monthly meeting abandoned and replaced by

tendered to Governor Charles W. Tobey when he attended the inauguration of President Hoover. At both these inaugurations Governor Bartlett, with Congressman Fletcher Hale and Frederick J. Young, represented the Granite State on the official



Gen. John H. Bartlett, Chairman International Joint Commission



Former Governor Bartlett and a graduating high school class from New Hampshire visiting Washington

two major affairs each year. A reception was tendered annually to the New Hampshire delegation in Congress and the society was prominent at the inauguration of both President Coolidge and President Hoover. An inaugural ball was given in honor of Governor John G. Winant and his official party. Another reception and ball was

inaugural committee. In 1929 Governor Bartlett resigned as president of the New Hampshire Association and was replaced by Congressman Fletcher Hale who held the office until March of this year when Governor Bartlett was returned to the presidency. Mr. Hale carried out the plans outlined for entertaining New Hampshire guests and two spring parties for the children were held during his administration. This year's party was the largest ever planned by the organization and the young folks returned to their homes singing the praises of Governor Bartlett and his efficient committee. The officers in charge of the

Continued on page 363

A Daughter of the Stars

One of the most thrilling stories ever written by the world-famous novelist, who has few equals in the art of drawing life-like word-pictures

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

YOU have a revolver there. If by any chance there is fighting—you will not let me be taken. You will shoot me. I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid of him!"

I did not hesitate for a moment. I thought of the priest's dark, saturnine face and gleaming eyes—of those awful stories told me by Sabul Ahmid on the night before his death—and I promised.

"They shall not take you alive," I declared. "But, after all, it is impossible that they should beat us even if they dare to fight at all."

Maurice came strolling back to us, nonchalant yet evidently pleased with the arrangements which had for the moment transformed his trim little yacht into the semblance of a miniature man-of-war.

"Did you ever see such an old tub?" he exclaimed, pointing across the stretch of dark moonlight water, "look how she rolls! The wall of her engine-room must be red hot. She has a lot too much steam on. I shouldn't be surprised to see her blow up any moment."

We leaned over the side watching her as she drew nearer and nearer, with slow laborious pants, curdling the dark water all around her into white seething foam and rolling heavily from side to side. Then we looked at the girl between us.

"Yes," she said. "That is their steamer. I know it by the odd figure-head, and do you see that the funnel is bent?"

Suddenly the comparative silence upon our boat was broken by a familiar sound. From the engine-room close behind us came the slow, steady throb of machinery, little puffs of white smoke shot up from the funnel, the water about the stern commenced to swell and gurgle. Maurice looked around and laughed out loud.

"We could slip away from her now, and be out of sight in an hour," he declared. "How mad your friends would be!"

"Let us do it," the girl whispered fervently. But Maurice shook his head.

"We may as well hear what they have to say. See, they are running a flag up."

We watched the operation eagerly. When it was finished Maurice drew a little breath of relief. A black flag emblazoned with yellow stars hung dejectedly in the torrid air.

"We'll stop now, anyhow," Maurice declared. "If they had hoisted a Dutch or Siamese flag we should have had to bolt. Now for the Union Jack!"

They had come quite close to us now, and slowly obeying her helm, she swung round, broadside on. We could see her sides lined with dark brown forms, some carrying

heavy spears, a few with rifles. A little way apart from them a figure, head and shoulders taller than the throng around him, was standing alone. As they drifted slowly nearer to us, he mounted the steps of the bridge, and stood there with his hands on the rail, a wonderfully majestic figure against the deep background of empty space. A white robe enveloped him from head to foot, concealing the outline of his form, but only enhancing its size and

power, Sara had covered her face with her hands, so powerfully did the sight of him affect her, and the little hand which stole unexpectedly into mine was as cold as ice.

Maurice and I watched him with deep interest.

"What a splendid fellow!" Maurice whispered enthusiastically.

But I shuddered. Something of the girl's superstitious terror had affected me. It seemed so short a while since we had left this man apparently lifeless, stretched upon the floor of the Temple, that his rapid recovery and appearance there savored almost of the miraculous. I do not call myself a coward, but as he turned toward us and lifted up his right hand, I felt a cold shiver run down my back. The girl at my side was trembling in every limb. I passed my arm around her waist.

"Don't be frightened, child," I said cheerfully. "You are perfectly safe here."

She was white to the lips in the moonlight.

"While he is alive," she whispered, "there will be moments when I shall never feel safe. I wish that I had killed him."

CHAPTER X.

MAURICE had left our side and running lightly up the iron steps, stood upon his own bridge, facing the High Priest. The two men were barely forty yards apart.

"How can we parley without an interpreter?" Maurice cried down to me, and the High Priest heard him.

"We need no interpreter," he answered in a deep, rich voice. "I speak your tongue. Are you the owner of that vessel?"

"I am her owner and I am responsible for all on board," Maurice answered promptly.

"Then your responsibilities are heavy for young shoulders," the priest said. "There is one amongst you who is a robber, and a would-be murderer! Worse than that, he is guilty of sacrilege against an ancient faith and wanton abduction of an innocent maiden!"

Maurice made no answer, but he glanced down at me with a smile at the corner of his lips.

"A bit rough on you, Jim," he said.

"These things are true," the priest continued, "but let them pass. I have not followed you for vengeance or for blood! But I have a just demand to make. I demand the restoration of the sacred jewels stolen from the Temple of Astrea! For them, my children and I have come prepared to follow, you, if necessary, to the ends of the world, and to fight till the last drop of blood



in our bodies is spent. But if you are wise you will yield them up."

Maurice leaned down toward us.

"They want the rubies," he said. "I suppose we must give them up."

The girl unslipped her girdle and held it out to him.

"They are welcome," she answered, "I will give them up. Only be careful! He did not bring all the fighting men of Astrea here for nothing. Make him come for them alone."

Maurice stood once more upright upon the bridge.

The jewels shall be restored to you upon certain conditions," he answered.

"Name them!" the High Priest answered calmly.

"That you come here for them alone, and that no one else leaves your ship."

The priest was silent for a moment. He appeared to be thinking. Then he lifted his head and asked an apparently irrelevant question.

"Why are you lying to?" he asked. "Are you disabled?"

"We have been repairing our shaft," Maurice answered. "We have had a bad fracture."

The priest's dark eyes flashed in the moonlight; not a muscle of his face moved, however.

"I accept the conditions," he answered shortly. "I will come."

He descended the bridge with slow, stately movements. A little bank of clouds which had risen up suddenly from the horizon floated across the face of the moon, and a sudden darkness fell upon us. The black hull of the other ship became almost invisible, only from her sides there floated out the low, monotonous croon of the Astrea warriors, a few measured bars, chanted in a deep, minor key. Maurice who had descended from the bridge and had been leaning over the ship's side trying to pierce the darkness came over to us.

"I can't say that I altogether like the look of things," he muttered softly, drawing me a little apart. "The fellow has got some blackguardly trick in his head, I believe. I shall set an armed watch all round the ship, and tell Robinson to get up steam. Their decks are simply packed with men—ugly-looking customers, too!"

He walked away and gave some quick orders. Then we heard the soft splash of oars and the grating of a boat against the vessel's side. A rope was let down, and the High Priest, disdaining the loop, drew himself up hand over hand, and stepped fearlessly on to the deck.

There was a moment's intense silence. Maurice, who saw him at close quarters for the first time, and as an artist, was filled with a vivid and irresistible admiration of the man who stood there in our midst, a striking and wonderful personality, in his unusual attire, and the unusual beauty of his person. He seemed to tower head and shoulders above us all, and though he was surrounded with armed sailors who eyed him with none too much respect, he held himself with the same hauteur and dignity as though he were standing upon the steps of his own sacred Temple, and confronted with his own groveling and obedient na-

tives. His dark eyes flashed over the deck, missing me for a moment where I stood in the shadow of the poop, and lit upon Maurice.

"It is you with whom I have been speaking, sir," he said in excellent English. "You are the owner of this vessel."

My brother took a step forward. He was above the average height, but he seemed almost undersized before the man whose question had challenged him.

"I am," he answered.

"Then there are three things, sir," the priest continued, "for which I make formal demand to you after the fashion of civilized nations. I require the jewels which have been stolen from the Sacred Temple of Astrea, I require the thief—that girl yonder," he cried suddenly, pointing a long forefinger to where Sara cowered by my side; "and I require that man, her accessory, and my attempted murderer," he pointed now to me.

"That man, sir, is my brother," Maurice answered, "and from all I can hear of your infernal practices, he was more than justified in all he did. As for the girl, she chooses to remain with us, and you may be very sure that I shall not give her up!"

"Nevertheless, I make my formal demand as a matter of peace and justice," the High Priest answered. "Give them up, and all shall be well. Refuse—at your peril!"

I saw a light flash across Maurice's face, and knew that he was in no humor for such idle bandying of words, as indeed events proved. Doubtless, too, it occurred to him, as it did to me, that the man's persistence and measured speech were assumed in order to gain time for the furtherance of some diabolical scheme.

"Let us come to the point," Maurice cried. "The man is my brother. If he fought with you, he fought as a brave man for an innocent maiden to save her from your devilry, and as he fought, so would I have fought, or any other man of my nation. As for the girl, I would as soon throw her overboard as hand her to you. She has claimed our protection, and she has it. The jewels are yours. Take them and go!"

The Priest lifted a mighty arm from underneath his white tunic, and stretched it out toward me with a sudden threatening gesture.

"As for that man," he cried fiercely, "your yielding him up or not is, after all, a small matter. His death is a solemn charge upon every man and woman, and every creeping thing upon our Island of Astrea. He has done what no living creature before has dared to do, and whether he hides himself in the heart of your civilization or in the remotest land upon which the fires of night have ever fallen, his death is as sure and as certain as the waning of the old and the birth of the new moon. So as to him, for the sake of peace, I yield. But the girl I will have. The girl, and with her the jewels!" Then Maurice grew hot and almost lost his temper.

"What sort of men are we, do you think," he cried, "to yield up a young maiden of our own race to be the victim of your foul practices? Take your jewels and leave my ship, sir, and be very thankful that you leave it with a whole skin!"

"Astrea! Astrea! Yoketa Murijah!"

Whilst we wondered at these words and the change in his face, a new thing happened. A handful of dark, half-naked men appeared as it were from the sea, leaping all wet upon the deck with knives in their teeth, and some with swords. I saw what was coming and shouted loudly to Maurice. The handful was becoming a stream, but our watch had not been set in vain. My cry and the crack of my own revolver, as I dodged a knife and shot down a fierce assailant was the signal for a perfect volley. The air was rent with strange cries—the battle-cry of the islanders, and more hideous still their death moans as they fell like ninepins before that terrible revolver fire. For a moment I lost sight of the Priest, for the brawny hand of a savage was upon my throat, pinning me down, and the flash of his still was actually in my eyes before I could wrench my arm free for a moment. Then I shot him through the lungs, and he stood quite still for a moment, blinking hideously at me. I thrust him aside, and he rolled over dead, and made my way toward the gangway where Sara had been, looking right and left for the High Priest, shooting one man whose knife cut open my left arm, but saving my fire from any purpose save defence, for I had but three shots left. Through the clouds of smoke I could see that our men were clearing the savages away and running out the Maxim. But nowhere could I see the High Priest, though my heart was all on fire to meet him face to face. Then suddenly my blood ran cold in my veins. A girl's shriek of horror rang out above the din. A dozen steps and I was at the door of her cabin. It stood wide open and on the threshold I came face to face with the man I sought, holding Sara high in his arms. He seemed on the point of springing for the side of the vessel, and when he saw me he gave a little cry of rage, which came through his teeth like a hiss.

"Let go the girl!" I thundered. "Stand away! This time I shall not miss."

He held her up between us, and although I longed to, I dare not shoot, for she was shaking with the horror of his grasp, and he held her before him with devilish cunning. But in that moment of hesitation I laughed outright, for I felt a swaying beneath my feet, and I knew that Maurice had outwitted this man and his horde of savages. Our engines were working steadily. The Priest, looking over my shoulder, saw it too, and he shook with passion. I glanced around for a moment. We were almost a hundred yards away from the other steamer, and the sea between us was dotted all over with the heads of men swimming desperately but ineffectually after us. Those who had succeeded in boarding us suddenly realized the position and rushed for the side of the vessel. I heard Maurice's voice high above the din.

"Let them go, men! Cease firing!"

They leaped into the water, some running from the side, even whilst they poised themselves for the spring, and heedless of Maurice's merciful order, throwing their daggers at our sailors. And still the High Priest and I stood face to face, and he

looked into the dark muzzle of my revolver without flinching or any apparent concern. Then, seeing him thus unarmed, brave and at my mercy, it seemed to me that there was but one thing to be done. To kill him would have been brutal slaughter. He must go.

"Drop the girl and you can go," I said.

Although I never lowered my revolver, he took my word at once. He laid the girl down upon a couch, with a tenderness which was almost incredible, and stood there looking at her for a moment with his back to me. She lay with closed eyes, white and half fainting. Stooping low, he murmured something in the tongue of his people, and raising her hand, he kissed it. Then he swept suddenly round, and with a fierce look at me, he stooped down and passed out on to the deck. I saw him for a moment with his knee upon the side of the vessel. Then he stood upright, and leaped. There was a splash in the water and he was gone.

I turned back to go to Sara, but the first mate came hurrying across the deck toward me. His face was blood-stained and white, and his eyes were full of trouble.

"Will you come aft at once, sir?" he said. "I am afraid that Sir Maurice is badly hurt."

I rushed past him to where several men were standing round a prostrate form. Maurice was lying there, white and still, with a little pool of blood trickling from his side on to the deck. I set my teeth and cursed myself that I had let that Priest go.

CHAPTER XI.

DECIDEDLY I was in no working humor! The broad stream of light which flooded my little studio for half a day had waned and faded into twilight, and I had not even taken up my brushes. It had been an idle and a purposeless day with me, and as I sat there toward its close, there rose up before me the vision of other similarly ill-spent hours, and I began to feel the lashings of a bitter dissatisfaction. Something had gone awry with me. It was not only the fear of death which a few hours ago had been very near indeed—not even the shock which the coming of this thing had caused me. No, it was behind all these more tragical events. I knew very well what it was, although I dared to deny it even to myself.

What folly!

The door of my room was softly opened—probably Mrs. Wright with my afternoon tea, and I did not at once look up. But surely no skirt of Mrs. Wright's ever rustled like that, nor even in her younger days could she have moved so lightly! I looked up quickly, and almost at the same moment some instinct seemed to tell me who it was. My heart beat quickly. I rose up in some confusion, and from out of the shadows Sara came laughing toward me.

"Why, Jim," she cried, "what on earth are you doing here in the darkness? Why, how miserable you look! I don't believe you have done a stroke of work, either, all the afternoon."

"I have been trying to think out a picture," I explained.

"And is it necessary to sit in an unlit room before an empty canvas with a scowl like that on your face?" she laughed. "May we have lights, please, and some tea?"

I rang the bell and my visitor ensconced herself in my easiest chair.

"Am I going to be scolded for coming?" she asked tentatively.

I shook my head.

"You are far too welcome," I answered.

She laughed lightly.

"That is all very well," she declared, "but last time I came you did scold me, you know, and so did Lady Duncarrow when I got home. But I don't care! I think you're real horrid. Why don't you come to see us sometimes?"

"I came last week."

"Last week!" indignantly, "of course, if you don't care to come—"

"I called yesterday afternoon and you were out with Maurice."

"Idiots!" she murmured, "no one ever told me. Still I'm glad you came. Sit down where I can see you, Jim! Is anything wrong? Have I done anything to displease you?"

She was leaning over the arm of her easy chair, and her eyes were raised to mine with a sort of frank wistfulness which was very hard to withstand. She had grown very beautiful! Would she ever understand, I wondered.

"Of course not," I answered. "Only you see I have my work and—and you have Maurice—"

"Maurice is not you!"

Her eyes met mine intently. My fingers grasped the sides of my chair, and I was thankful for the twilight. What if I were mistaken? What if it were I, not Maurice? Then I thought of what had happened only a few hours ago in that room, and a cold shiver went through my veins.

"No! But Maurice is a better companion for you! He is younger than I am in everything but years, and—"

There was a knock at the door and Mrs. Wright brought in the tea, an interruption for which I was most devoutly thankful. When she had disappeared Sara did not pursue the subject. Watching her closely, I knew that she was angry.

"How is Maurice?" I asked. "I haven't seen him for more than a week."

"He is quite well," she answered briefly.

"And the mater?"

"Her cold is better. She is going out tomorrow."

She continued to eat bread and butter, and sip her tea in silence. Suddenly she turned to me.

"I think you are horrid, Jim!" she declared. "This is the last time I shall come to see you. I am sorry that I came today."

A little quiver in her tone almost unmanned me. I rose up and bent over her chair.

"Forgive me, Sara," I whispered. "I am very stupid and a great boor. A few hours ago I had—rather a shock, and it has upset me."

"I am so sorry," she said softly, and I knew by the pressure of her delicately

gloved fingers that my peace for the moment at any rate was made.

"Isn't it anything you could tell me?" she asked.

I shuddered, turning away that she might not see my face. Tell her, indeed! God forbid!

"No, I could not tell you," I said quietly. "Don't ask me about it, please. I am going to take you home, if I may. We will take an hansom and drive around to the house by the park."

"I should like that," she said. "What is that canvas over there? I don't remember it!"

She was half way across the floor before I could stop her. Then I cried out, and my voice must have sounded to her like the voice of a madman.

"Stop! Come back, Sara! Don't!"

And then she, too, cried out. She was looking down on the floor, her face white with terror. I hastened to her side.

She pointed downwards.

"It is blood! . . . she cried; you have been trying to hide it."

I was white to the lips, but I nodded.

"Yes, it is poor little Major," I said. "I had to shoot him! He was ill!"

She looked at me, and I am afraid that I was a bad actor!

In the corner of the room, before us, I had carefully covered something over with a rough mat. Before I could stop her, she sprang toward it, threw the rug aside, and then stood still, transfixed with horror. Underneath was the dead body of my poor little dachshund, and by its side, with a dozen revolver bullets in its head and body, a short, yellow-bodied snake, with a black head covered with green spots!

Sara fainted in my arms. When she recovered we were in the sitting room, to which I had carried her. For the moment I had forgotten everything. My arms were around her and I was on my knees by her side. She smiled faintly up at me! "I am sorry," she said. "I am quite well now."

I muttered something incoherent. She continued:

"I want you to tell me all about it," she said. "I am not surprised at all! I always said that—that it would come."

"It was an evil chance that brought you to my rooms this afternoon of all others," I said bitterly.

"I do not think so," she answered simply. "I would rather know."

"There is very little to tell you. Last night, for the first time for a month, I did not sleep here. I was down at Duncarrow for the day. I got back here about eleven. When I was coming up the stairs I heard Major barking furiously. You know what a quiet little animal he is, and I felt sure at once that something must be wrong. I was just passing my little room below, where I keep my oddments, so I slipped in and got my revolver. When I got there it was all over with poor Major, and that beast was sitting up ready to spring. I stood in the doorway and riddled it with shots. Then I covered them both over and sat down to think it over! That is one reason why I have done no work this afternoon."

She shivered.

"Have you asked your carekeeper any questions?"

I nodded.

"Yes! my rooms were locked when I left yesterday at noon. No one could have passed up and down stairs without her hearing them. Yet that beast slept in my bed through the ante-room yonder. It is hard to understand."

She held my fingers.

"Very. And it is through me that you are going to live in danger now, night and day. Oh, it is horrible! I wish that I had died upon that wretched island."

I kissed her on the forehead gently, and as I would have kissed my own sister, if ever I had had one

"Don't wish anything so horrible, child," I said. "Think of the last two years how happy we have all been. I don't know what the mater would do without you. I want you not to talk any more just now. Do you feel well enough to go home if I send for a hansom?"

"Quite!"

We drove to my mother's house in Gloucester Square almost in silence, but Sara's hand was in mine most of the way. For the first time I began to have strange doubts about a certain matter which I had long ago looked upon as settled. After I had left Sara, I inquired for Maurice, and learned that he was at his club in Piccadilly. I drove on there and found him in the smoking-room.

"Maurice, old chap, I have come to ask you a question," I said promptly.

He looked up at me surprised. Then he motioned me to an easy chair by his side. There was no one near us.

"A year ago," I commenced, "you told me that you cared for Sara—that you were going to ask her to marry you!"

He nodded and let fall the eyeglass from his eye.

"Quite true," he murmured. "I do care for her, and I have asked her to marry me!"

"You have asked her," I exclaimed.

He nodded again. "Twice!"

"And—and—"

"And she refused me."

For a moment the room seemed to whirl round with me. I had never dreamed until this afternoon of the possibility of her doing anything of the sort. From those days on the yacht, when, by her nursing and skilful attentions she had certainly saved Maurice's life, I had looked upon the matter as settled. Maurice was an amusing, even a brilliant companion for women, and I had found those days of his convalescence trying ones for me. They were continually together—Sara seemed always amused and happy. It became as though I were almost a stranger. With me she was always quieter and more reserved. Gradually I had detached myself from them. When we had reached England I fell back upon my old character as a woman hater and went almost at once to live at my studio in Chelsea. I had looked upon them as absolutely made for one another. Maurice's words came upon me like a thunderclap.

"It was only last night," Maurice said

THE UNSEEN COURIERS OF THE SPOKEN WORD



THE FAMILIAR TELEPHONE that stands upon your desk at the office or in your home is only a very small part of the great communication system that enables you to talk across the miles with such surprising ease.

Behind it are complicated exchanges, a carefully trained organization of more than four hundred thousand men and women and eighty million miles of wire. These are the forces that make efficient telephone service possible. These are the unseen couriers of the spoken word.

Tirelessly, day or night, without rest or sleep, the Bell System awaits but the lifting of the receiver to carry your voice to any one of thirty-two million other telephone users in this country and abroad, and on ships at sea. It is done so quickly and with so little trouble that few people stop to consider what goes on between the giving of the number and the completion of the call.

Some time every day—perhaps many times a day—you use some part of a telephone system that has taken fifty years and more than four thousand million dollars to build. The simple words "long distance," which you speak so casually into your telephone, place millions of dollars of equipment at your disposal. Yet the cost of a call from New York to Chicago is only three dollars and but a fraction of that for lesser distances.

Equipment of comparable cost is also needed to connect your home with the thousands or hundreds of thousands of other telephones in your town or city. Yet the charge for local service is only a few cents a day.

In relation to service rendered, the cost of the telephone is one of the smallest items in the monthly business and family budget. Few things purchased are of such real, constant and increasing value.

★ AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY ★



slowly. "The first time I fancied, from something in her manner, that there might be some hope for me. I was deceived. She doesn't care a rap for me, except in a sisterly way. The way she answered me last night settled it once for all. I am off to the Rockies, or for a cruise as soon as I can get a man to go with me."

I had not much to say in the way of sympathy. I was myself strangely excited. Should I tell Maurice of the visit to my rooms and the attempt upon my life? While I hesitated he laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Old chap," he said, "we don't often have a night together. Dine with me here, and we'll go somewhere. My man shall

fetch our togs. He's waiting outside. You mustn't refuse me. To tell you the truth, I hated the thought of going home to dinner. I'll send a telegram. They give you a rattling dinner here. We'll play at being young again—do the Empire and have supper somewhere."

I was something in the same mind myself. I, too, wanted to forget.

"Agreed," I cried. "Only I will take the brougham back and change. There is something I have to see to in my rooms. I'll be back in an hour."

"In an hour," Maurice answered, "I shall be ready."

(To be concluded next month)

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

The Colleges and Will Rogers

They'd give him a degree, that's sure,
But they can't see, very well,
How to make him a Doctor of Literature
Until he has learned to spell.

Warranted Fast Black

Some radio skits are quite "risky", no doubt,
As the listeners-in will recall,
But the whimsies that Amos 'n' Andy send out
Are never "off-color" at all.

Costs Are Going Up

Since War's such a sadly expensive affair,
We should pray that such trouble will cease,
For now that we're planning to fight in the air,
Our "overhead's" bound to increase.

This War-Minded World

The nations could cause all this discord to cease,
With the strife which good men must abhor,
By employing the millions, in striving for peace,
They now spend in preparing for war.

Now

Begin, if you would learn to climb;
This day with zeal endow:
Men know that "On the clock of Time
There is but one word—'NOW!'"

The Way to Victory

The way to success is to strive—and to hope;
Stick to it through thick and through thin;
And if ever you get to the end of your rope,
Tie a knot and hang on till you win.

Do You Know Any Such?

A man of words
And not of THOUGHTS
Is like a great long
Row of naughts.

Not a Chinaman's Chance

The Mind is Master of the Man,
And so "They can who think they can."
But he who's fearful and half-hearted,—
He's licked before the fight is started.

At The Bottom Of It

Of strife others make us, we've little to fear
Because we can surely defeat it;
Few people get into "hot water," 'tis clear,
But they furnish the fuel to heat it.

Did You Ever?

A thoughtful man will never set
His tongue a-going and forget
To stop it when his brain has quit
A-thinking thoughts to offer it.

Only A Sister

"I am yours!" he exclaimed. "Through the desert of life
Your love shall my oasis be!"
"Your oasis, yes, but I can't be your wife."
Then he sighed, "Oasister to me."

Poor Shots

With truth these four lines are as rife
As any ever writ:
The ones without an aim in life
Aren't apt to make a hit.

A Shrinking Demand

When we see how little of clothing fills
The women's needs, one finds
An answer to, "Why are the fabric mills
All putting up their blinds?"

Try Jim A. K. Ginger

Unless with the colic
You're planning to sup,
Don't eat green Q-cumbers,
Or they'll W up.

Good Time to Rest

Poor Mister Hoover has much woe
In trying to settle full many a row,
But Mister Coolidge, "he lay low,"
And is glad he is "unemployed" just now.

Look Better Out Of Sight

In taking up a style men pause,
If it makes them look uncomely:
And "shorts" they just can't go because
Their legs are so dog-gone homely.

Better Appetites Required

"The early bird catches the worm," so they say,
But the farmer who sees his green stuff
Devoured by sad, creeping pests, every day,
Knows the birds don't eat half worms enough.

Seen And Heard

The round sphere which the players so earnestly maul
About the worn diamond in play,
Is no more compelling than is the "bass bawl"
That roars up from the bleachers each day.

Beacon Hill Belles

With bobbed skirts that they wear today,
Most all the girls we meet
In Boston, make us think that they
Belong to Pink-Knee Street.

"Ask Dad, He Knows"

It taketh age to make us sage,
The wise ones never doubt it:
The older we grow the more we know
And the less we brag about it.

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

DOROTHY DIX

Whose Syndicated Articles are read by Many Thousands Daily, Chooses Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy"

The name of Dorothy Dix is so familiar to the public through the pages of books and journals that it comes as a surprise to many to learn that she is Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer. So prolific has been her pen and so much printed material has borne her name that it is another surprise to learn that she was born only as far back as 1870. That was in the wonderful state of Tennessee, where the mysterious mountains and glorious waterways might inspire one to write who is much less gifted.

At an early age her writing attracted attention and she became the editor of the Woman's Department on the *New Orleans Picayune*. Dorothy Dix talks brought her to the *New York Journal* staff, but she will be specially remembered for her long series of writing for *Good Housekeeping*.

A broad understanding of human nature and a deep sympathy with the human heart has given the writer's "Talks" that desired intimacy. Hardly a phase of married life has escaped her pen—a pen that is ever tolerant and which drips good advice. She has run the gamut of life's perplexities and is still doing that through the columns of many newspapers throughout the country. Her books, such as "Mirandy," "Hearts a la Mode" and "Dorothy Dix Talks," have a wide hearing, but her day-by-day readers may be counted in thousands.

When asked to give some particular bit of sentiment that she had cherished through the years, this writer on sentiment and expert on the reactions of life, gave Kipling's "If" as one of her best. That poem which might be called a classical creed appeals to those who have made their way in the rough paths of journalism, for despite the present success there are many obstacles to overcome in learning the needs of the reading public.

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
And watch the things you gave your heart to broken
And stoop to build them up with worn-out tools,

are lines so fraught with deep meaning that the pen of Dorothy Dix could turn the various facets to the light and give help and advice to those who are groping.

Dorothy Dix also gave as a favorite that most perfect short story of Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." It is so rounded and polished it is almost ruthless to select any one part, but space allows us merely to

recall to mind certain passages from the compelling love story of an English officer for an Indian maid.

The human soul is a very lonely thing and when it is getting ready to go away, it hides itself in a misty borderland where the living may not follow.

Speaking of the love that sometimes is depicted between the East and West, the story says:

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword.

When the love was quite over, the wife and child dead, the soldier returns to his walled-in, secluded home where he had been so happy and content. He wishes to keep it—to visit it in the future, but the understanding landlord said:

No, when birds are gone, what need to keep the nest? Municipality shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning ghaut to the city wall so that no man shall say where the house stood.

The finality of the charming story is one of its distinct beauties.

JOHN BARTON PAYNE

The Chairman of the American Red Cross gives as His Heart Favorite Words of Edmund Burke

Virginia has been well represented in political circles and it was during the war administration that one of the sons of that state was called to the general council of the Shipping Board and later became Secretary of the Interior. John Barton Payne took a very active part in shaping the policies and giving direction to important affairs during President Wilson's term of office; by his judgment he won for himself the distinction of a title—that of "unofficial ambassador of the world," thus serving during the absence of T. B. House. Now, as chairman, he controls the activities of the Red Cross—our great organization with arms of service reaching to every part of the world.

Politicians occupy an unique place in the world's affairs for often "the good they do," while not "interred with their bodies," is overlooked or goes unrecorded save by the special groups in which they labor. However, distinction had been won by the former Secretary in the path of law. Born in Proutytown, Va., in 1855, he received LL.D. at Washington University of Cincinnati. He was admitted to the bar in 1876, practiced in Kingwood, Va., and afterward became the Mayor of the city. The West called him for a time and he went to Chi-

cago and became judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, Ill. He has touched shoulders with a vast number of men, for he belongs to innumerable Grand Orders.

It was in the realm of prose that John Barton Payne found a sentiment that has clung to his memory and which he has often quoted. It is natural with his judicial mind to choose for his favorite the words of Edmund Burke:

There are times and circumstances in which, not to speak out, is at least to connive.

That is the creed of the unafraid and might well be taken as a sentiment or text for an extended thought, for in its channels and sub-channels there lie rules of conduct and admonitions for the cowardly. It is pleasant to gain this side-light which tells us perhaps one of the reasons why John Barton Payne deserved his place on a council so important and a leadership of our most humane institution.

GEORGE P. METZGER

The Well-known Advertising Man finds His Heart Throb in that Splendid Chant, "Sanctus No. 1"

Whether it is in his office in the Paramount Building in New York or at his summer home with his yacht, deep-sea fishing, it matters not, George P. Metzger proves himself a member of the "heart throb" clan in good standing.

His cheery words tell the story. "All right, Joe. Here's where I 'heart throb.' To name any group of words in prose or verse as 'favorite' is difficult. So much depends upon the whereabouts of the soul at the moment. Certain words are so associated with certain harmonies that it is not to be known which is the agency of delight. Taking the two together, and regardless of times and place, I never failed to be upborne by the nobility of that splendid chant, the 'Sanctus No. 1' (with preface), composer unknown:

Therefore with angels and archangels
And with all the company of Heaven,
We laud and magnify Thy glorious name,
Evermore praising Thee and saying,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high!

"But, after all, I feel that if I could be sure of the words the song-sparrow is singing, there I would have it! Possibly by reason of lone but heart-free sunny days in an incredibly far fair meadow; or of those misty mornings, with one other—and no other—except the little songster—in the

Continued on page 364



Tickleweed and Feathers



Small Boy: "Dad, give me a dime."

Father: "Not today, sonny, not today."

Small Boy: "Dad, if you'll give me a dime I'll tell you what the ice man said to mamma this morning."

Father: "Here, son, quick, what did he say?"

Small Boy: "He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning?'"

"Papa, is this a camel's hair brush?"

"Yes, my child, that's a camel's hair brush."

"Golly, papa, it must take him a terrible long time to brush himself."

—*Springfield Union.*

Dad: "I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son when you are my age?"

Son: "Not with as straight a face as you do, daddy."

—*The Crescent.*

The little girl had done unusually good work in the second grade, and was promoted to the third. On meeting her former teacher, whom she loved dearly, her first words were: "I wish you knew enough to teach me next year."

When Peggy returned from her first day at school she was asked how she enjoyed it.

"I liked it all right," said Peggy, "but I didn't get any present."

"What made you think you would get a present, dear?"

"Teacher said 'Sit there for the present'; and I sat there all morning, and never got one."

—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

Father had company for dinner that night and everything was going along fine until his daughter, Virginia, said: "Isn't this meat roast beef, Dad?"

Dad: "Yes. Why?"

Virginia: "I thought you said you were going to bring home an old muttonhead for dinner."

A teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand waving frantically.

"Well, Tommy, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's a sausage."

"A man came here this afternoon and took the census."

"Couldn't you keep up the payments?"

Doctor: "H'm! Severe headaches, bilious attacks, pains in the neck—h'm! What is your age, madam?"

Patient (coyly): "Twenty-four, doctor."

Doctor: "H'm! Loss of memory, too."

"Do you know if the editor has looked at any of my poems I sent him?"

"Yes, sir, he glanced through them this morning."

"Oh—just a cursory examination, I suppose."

"You're right, sir. I never heard such language in all my life."

—*Typo Graphic.*

A little girl hurried into a drug store and said, "I want some liniment and cement." The druggist was puzzled by the unique order.

"Liniment and cement?" he queried. "Are you going to use them both at the same time?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little girl. "Ma hit Pa with a big crock jar."

A Scotchman telephoned the doctor in a great state of agitation.

"Come at once," he said, "ma wee bairn has swallowed a sixpence."

"How old is it?" queried the doctor.

"1894," was the reply.

"Before we were married, Henry," said the young wife reproachfully, "you always gave me the most beautiful gifts. Do you remember?"

"Sure," replied Henry cheerfully, "but, my dear, did you ever hear of a fisherman feeding bait to a fish after he had caught it?"

Caller: "What a cozy little breakfast room—and the wall is so artistically splatter-dashed."

Mrs. Depew: "Yes, this is where George eats his grapefruit."

The Advertising Manager of a certain company was endeavoring to sell his plan to the Board of Directors. When he saw that it would be almost impossible to do so, he made this remark: "It is not necessary for me to go into the details of the complexities of this sound advertising plan with one member of this board because this intelligent man understands advertising well. I would, however, like to confer with him immediately after this meeting." When the meeting was adjourned, every member remained in his seat.

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged tenderly.

She fell into his arms and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No," she murmured, "It is hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."

Single Noble: "What is the best month to get married in?"

Married Noble: "Octemburary."

Single Noble: "There isn't such a month."

Married Noble: "Quite right, my boy."

—*The Crescent.*

Mother: "Don't you want to be the kind of girl that people look up to?"

Edna: "Naw, I wanna be the kind of girl that people look around at."

Mother (teaching son arithmetic): "Now take the Spinks family. There is mother, daddy and the baby. How many does that make?"

Son: "Two and one to carry."

—*The Crescent.*

"Thanks very much," said the vicar, as little Tommy handed up his offering for the Xmas festival; "I must call around this afternoon and thank your mother for these eight beautiful apples."

"P-please, sir," stammered Tommy, "would you m-mind thanking her for t-twelve apples?"

Husband: "I wonder when you'll learn to make bread like mother used to make."

Wife: "Probably by the time you make the dough father used to make."

Son—Pop, I got in trouble at school today an' it's your fault.

Pop—How's that, son?

Son—Remember I asked you how much \$1,000,000 was?

Pop—Yes, I remember.

Son—Well, 'ahelluva lot' isn't the right answer.

—*Patton's Monthly.*

Salesman: "Which do you like best, balloon or high-pressure tires?"

Prospect: "I sorta like balloon tires better."

Salesman: "What kind of a car do you own?"

Prospect: "None at all, Mister, none at all. I'm a pedestrian."

As Tom Shipp Sailed to Success

Continued from page 348

Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, he had been officially denied the privilege of perusing the official document. Then and there plans were made for its defeat. Senator Lodge was joined by Senator Borah, and Senator Jim Reed and other Die-hards. The modest part Mr. Shipp played in this great campaign is not revealed in the official records.

A poster in front of old Ford's Theatre, where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, attracted Shipp's attention. It was a U. S. Army appeal for enlisted men to serve in Russia. Shipp had this poster photographed at once and a reproduction of it was broadcast, carrying an impressive suggestion of what the League might involve in foreign entanglements through obligations of sending troops to enforce conditions of the Covenant.

After a recital of the widely varied achievements of Thomas Roerty Shipp, it is still difficult to define exactly what he does or just how he does it. He seems to encompass the subtle, intangible aspects of public relations at an effective trip-hammer pace. Uncanny is his analysis of human actions and reactions. Not so much what he does as what he does not do oftentimes. There is such a thing as over-training and talking too much. Many problems solve themselves if let alone.

Tom Shipp seems to *feel* a situation. This is supplemented with practical systematic organization that gathers the loose threads and helps to reveal the warp and woof of that which goes to make what is known as public opinion. That intangible but vital thing known as policies based on principles is after all the life blood and spirit of every successful exploitation in these days when business reigns as the genius of the age.

Tom Shipp seems to sense the open portals to friendly understanding. He possesses these inherent qualities known as common sense, common honesty, and common sympathy, which always finds the common denominator in human equations. Successful men are forty per cent wrong but they keep moving and the sixty per cent right yields a high average in the fallibility of human affairs.

Having met Tom Shipp under all sorts of conditions in his busy career, I have never known him to lose his dynamic balance, or alert perception. The faculty of observation co-ordinated with information is an intelligence that counts. More than this, he exemplified the ideals of one who "lives by the side of the road and is a friend to man."

His keen sympathies never cool and out of a background of energetic experiences that make some men cynical through the lash of necessities and human contacts, he utilizes that strange something that can never be obtained in the reading of books. It harks back to the fundamentals in the realm of human understanding among folks

that is characteristic in Hoosierdom. He is an interpreting poet of the business world.

I have seen Tom Shipp at play. He plays hard with the buoyant spirit of youth. I have been with him hunting in the woods when he carried an old shotgun which belonged to his father, dead many years ago. It was fired with parental reverence and happy was Tom that he missed the deer.

Trained in the rugged school of Indiana politics, which is a popular pastime in that state in providing candidates for President and Vice-President on both tickets, Tom Shipp knows of the best and the worst in human nature, for politics brings out every sort of a temperament and condition. In all this, he has never lost the "common touch." Now in the setting of today—representing over a dozen of the largest corporations in the country, he has provided an institution that is unique. Everything is tuned in for these swift-moving times. An entire floor is now used in the Albee Building where he first began his business career. In a beautiful corner room, on the fourth floor, more like a drawing room than an office, there is a fireplace and the fine old desk, pictures and books, photographs and other materials that have associations with big national events and famous people.

A view from the window shows the stately classic granite columns of the Treasury Department. Within eye glance of the White House and the milling crowds on historic Pennsylvania Avenue, here Tom Shipp works in the very heart of the Nation's activities and yet, aloof from the distractions, gathering a succession of perspectives, past and present.

Each case that passes before him varies in detail but principles are utilized. In the the inspiration of such surroundings and from his "travels about" he seems to obtain a grasp of public sentiment with reckonings fundamental that has been effective in formulating a new order of public relations between large corporations and the people that is astonishing when compared with the passions and prejudices as they existed a few decades ago.

Now, often we all feel the need of honest, sympathetic counsel that may curb the things we should not do and encourage the things we should do in the light of understanding facts and feelings. In the storm and stress of all sorts of conventions when men were battling for supremacy in politics, or finance, even in war—or in the wasteful war of wits, I have seen the dynamic Tom Shipp maintain the calm serenity of the hearthstone, the exhilaration of play hours and the earnest sincerity of devotional moments blended in one expression. He runs true to form and remains himself. He has truly earned the right to have his name incorporated in a business organization which counsels large corporations as to methods and policies that are usually incorporated in the highest attainments of human endeavor.



Now open

New York's newest mid-town hotel, offering for the first time a new standard of luxurious hotel accommodations at truly moderate rates.

Centrally located to all theatres, shops and business

1000 ROOMS

1000 BATHS

RADIO in every room

SINGLE from \$2.50

DOUBLE from \$4.00

SUITES from \$7.00

Special Rates for Permanent Guests
BANQUET FACILITIES for 1200

HOTEL EDISON

"a hotel worthy of its name"

228 West 47th Street
just West of Broadway — New York

WILLIAM F. THOMANN, Manager

Telephone PENn. 6-8600

High School Students

Continued from page 355

affairs of the Granite State society for 1931 and 1932 are: Hon. John H. Bartlett, president; Mrs. Fletcher Hale, vice-president; Emmett D. Borden, vice-president; John J. Moriarity, secretary; Miss Mary Browne, assistant secretary; Walter A. Browne, treasurer; and Frederick J. Young, chairman, executive committee.

Classified Advertisement

Steer Horns For Sale over Six Feet Spread. Highly polished, Rare Ornament. Texas Longhorn Cattle Now Extinct. Free Photo.

LEE BERTILLION, MINEOLA, TEXAS

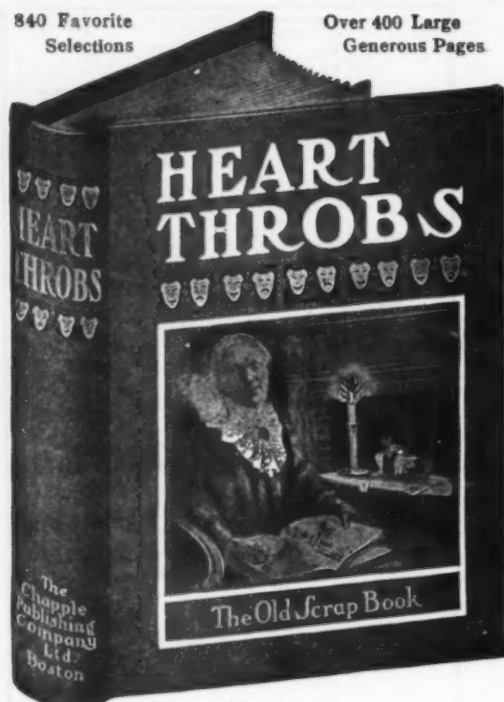
Heart Throbs Heart Songs

840 Favorite
Selections

Over 400 Large
Generous Pages

Over 500
Pages

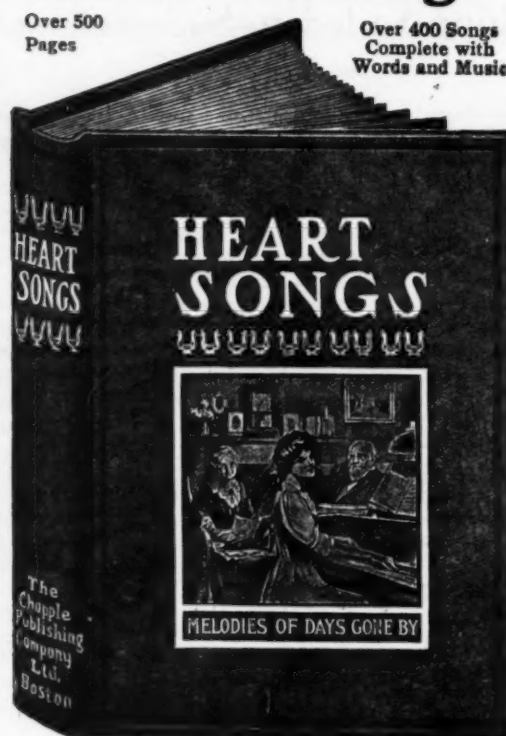
Over 400 Songs
Complete with
Words and Music



The most popular gift-book ever published. A volume for the fireside and the quiet evening hour

Price \$2.00

Limp Covers, Gilt Top, \$3.50



The volume with a soul!

The companion of the piano!

Price \$1.50

Use This Order Blank

Check the books you want

Heart Throbs, Vol. I	\$2.00
Heart Throbs, Vol. II	2.00
The Happy Habit	1.75
Heart Songs	1.50
Heart Songs Deluxe	3.50
A' top o' the World	1.50
History Making	1.75
The Poets' Lincoln	1.50
The Minor Chord	1.50
The Guest of Honor	1.50
Stick to the Finish	2.25
Warren G. Harding, Our After-War President	3.50
National Magazine	3.00
Vivid Spain	4.00
To Bagdad and Back	6.00
Our Jim	2.00
Lava	2.50
Favorite Heart Throbs	2.50
Face to Face with Our Presidents	2.00

Date..... 193

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed find \$, for
which send me by mail, prepaid
the items I have checked above

Name

Street and No.

P. O. Box

R. F. D. Route

City State

Honors to Harding—A Beloved President

Continued from page 334

There is no question whatever that it killed him. When Warren Harding left Washington for his trip to the west and to Alaska, he was a sorrowful man moving about. The formal dissolution was all that remained to be accomplished. He was physically unfit in every way. And when at last he could stand on his feet no longer, he lay down in surrender—a man whose life was forfeited to his own tenderness that amounted to a grave—even a fatal—result.

The slander Harding endured during his life, only those who knew his gentle, sensitive, unresenting spirit can understand.

The wicked stories of his mixed blood were of the sort he could not refute without adding dignity to the charges. His friends, Democratic and Republican, successfully put an end to the slimy tales. But how he suffered to know that some one was hateful enough and cold-blooded enough to go to such extremes to ruin him—him who had never in all his life promulgated an unkind thing about anybody! And now, since his death, have come out books slanderously sensationalizing the alleged events of his personal life and administration—it is a sickening tragedy!

I do want you to know that Warren G. Harding was all of these things: A personally honest man; a devout man; a

Contents

Vol. LIX	JUNE 1931	New Series 9
Affairs at Washington	Joe Mitchell Chapple	323
Sol Levitan, Popular Treasurer of Wisconsin—Zona Gale		332
Einstein's Theory as Applied to Individuals—Albert Roland Daloz		333
Honors to Harding—a Beloved President	Strickland Gillilan	334
General Harbord's Tribute to an Army Pal		335
Warde Traver in His Sky Studio		337
Chicago to Celebrate a "Century of Progress"		340
How a Woman Won a "Winged Victory"	—Story—Horace T. Buker	342
As Tom Shiff Sailed to Success	Joe Mitchell Chapple	346
"Laws that Safeguard Society"	Will H. Chapple	349
High School Students "Seeing Washington"		355
A Daughter of the Stars—Continued	E. Phillips Oppenheim	356
Hitting the High Spots	Nixon Waterman	360
Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People		361
Tickleweed and Feathers		362

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter October, 1894, at the Postoffice at Boston, Massachusetts, under the act of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$3.00 a Year 25 Cents a Copy

Printed by the Chapple Publishing Company, Limited
Boston, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1931. Chapple Publishing Company, Limited

great, whose inability to say "No" to those he loved killed him—he literally "laid down his life for his friends"—his friends, some of whom were so unworthy such friendship akin to the Divine. And his haunting assurance that in doing this he had narrowly approached injuring the country he loved as few have ever loved it, was the biggest nail in his cross, the cruelest and most poisonous spear in his side!

Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People

Continued from page 361
salty grass of a tiny island in the changeless sea."

Mr. Metzger was born in Kansas, bleeding Kansas, and is half German and half down-east Yankee, a rare combination for an advertising genius. He is the author of several books, but the one that hit the target and rang the bell was a volume entitled "Copy," which has served as a veritable text-book, not only in advertising schools, but by executives planning a campaign of advertising, for every page of the book "Copy" is Copy. It is the concentrated essence of an experience dealing with almost every phase of business exploitation, which in his case starts with his career as a printer's devil with the Lynn, Mass., Bee and a "very busy" subsequent career running the gamut from bicycles, typewriters, phonographs, cereals, books, and last, but most important of all, selling or creating ideas that have evolved into potent forces in the marvelous sales records of the country during the last two decades.

LOVERS OF ESPAÑA! THIS IS THE BOOK FOR YOU!

Vivid SPAIN

THE FINEST ILLUSTRATED WORK ON ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING REGIONS IN ALL THE WORLD....

by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Profusely Illustrated with etchings
and drawings by LEVON WEST

Reviewers have used such terms as these in referring to "Vivid Spain:" "incomparable," "beautiful," "fascinating," "keenly interesting," "an artistic treasure"

A Gift Book

Without a Counterpart

IN THIS BOOK the author takes you into the very heart of Spain, over its highways and byways, and conducts you into its remotest regions. He introduces you into the courts and palaces of kings and into the humble homes of the peasantry, a panorama of castle, cathedral, tower, public building, edifice, a medley of Spanish and Moorish art.

Winston-Salem, N. C. Journal: "Vivid Spain" is one of the handsomest volumes that has yet come into this reviewer's hands.

New York World: Really good travel books are rare indeed. Joe Mitchell Chapple in sunlight and by moonlight, grave and gay, smiling and thoughtful is Joe Mitchell Chapple, stout, good-natured, and unquenchably American. He was unquestionably in Spain, and one fancies he enjoyed himself enormously. His book is breezy and informal, chatty and informative.



New York Times: "Vivid Spain" by Joe Mitchell Chapple is profusely illustrated. Original etchings and drawings by Levon West add interest to the book, as do also the color reproductions of two Sorolla paintings of the dance from the collection of the Hispanic Society of America. For good measure, many interesting photographs are added. Mr. Chapple's enthusiasm for everything Spanish is contagious. His style gives the impression that he is representative of the type of care-free, jolly American whose broad and persistent smile carries him through every circumstance and where angels fear to tread.

The Boston Pilot: As an artistic treasure, "Vivid Spain" merits an honored place upon the bookshelves.

The Charlotte, N. C., Observer: Each chapter is vivid and full of color.

Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.: Joe Chapple, the distinguished widely known Boston editor, relates in an intimate way, just as he might tell it as he smoked his after dinner cigar, and with the characteristic dash and finish of which he is master, he makes his word pictures live.

New York Sun: A well-written account of the scenes, traditions, and personalities of a country previously neglected by the American traveler, but now yearly attracting more interest. It is illustrated with half-tones and some excellent etchings.

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd.,
956 Dorchester Avenue,
Boston, Mass.

Enclosed please find \$.....for which send
me.....copies of Vivid Spain at four dollars a copy

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....



Everyone cheers for these richer suds!

AND WE WISH you could see the thousands of letters we have received from women all over the country.

"A little Rinso gives a lot of creamy suds that last until the wash is done," writes a Concord, N. H., housewife, Mrs. Louis W. Hoyt.

"It's great the way Rinso saves the clothes—they don't need to be scrubbed or boiled," says Mrs. L. J. Gage of Los Angeles, Cal.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps, even in hardest water. It's all you need—no bar soaps, chips, softeners.

Makers of 39 washers recommend it

Rinso is wonderful in washers, too. The makers of 39 leading washers recommend it for safety and for whiter clothes. You'll never bother with ordinary soaps, once you begin using Rinso for clothes, dishes, floors, walls and all cleaning. Get the BIG box.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest
cottons and linens

Millions use Rinso
for whiter washes
in tub or machine

Rinso
The Granulated
soap

2 SIZES most women buy
the large package

Millions use Rinso
for dishes, floors
and all cleaning